TALES

OF

OLD MR. JEFFERSON,

OF

GRAY'S INN.

COLLECTED BY

YOUNG MR. JEFFERSON,

OF

LYON'S INN.

THE FIRST SERIES.

—— Licuit semperque licebit
Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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THE WELCH COTTAGE; OR, THE WOOD-MAN'S FIRE-SIDE.

MANDEVILLE; OR, THE VOYAGE.

PREFACE.



WRITTEN BY OLD MR. JEFFERSON IN 1778, AND CORRECTED BY YOUNG MR. JEFFERSON IN 1823.

I BELIEVE it was Mr. Burke who observed, that no romance was so extravagant as the romance of real life; and a celebrated authoress, speaking of her excellent tales, (in the life of her father) has informed us that those characters and incidents in her works, which the critics had been unanimous in condemning as extravagant, unnatural or absurd, were merely characters and incidents taken from real life, and often described by her with very little colouring or deviation from facts, whilst the scenes and personages that were accounted natural, were entirely the inventions of her imagination. If I could flatter

myself that the following tales would be deemed worthy of any animadversions from the critics, I should anticipate that many parts would be objected to as extravagant; but I know of scarcely any passage that can be liable to this reproof, except those scenes which have really fallen within my own observation, and many of which I have painted pretty nearly as they occurred.

The first tale is more completely the invention of my fancy, than either of the others; but the most pathetic, and the most improbable scenes of it are simply matters of fact, occurrences of real life, with little or no deviation from truth further than giving the parties a higher rank in society than it was their fate to enjoy, and placing the retirement of the family in Wales instead of nearer to the metropolis.

Few naval persons will peruse the tale of

Mandeville, without recognizing many characters and many facts, or without concurring in many of the observations that the tale has elicited from me. The character of Sir John Fadladeen, the actions in the Irish and English channels, the trial of the Captain of the Julius, and the career of Captain Lokas, with many other such portraits will be recognized by most naval officers; whilst the manner in which the tale is told will evince that the object of the author is to correct a system, and not to afford amusement or to gratify malevolence at the expence of personal feelings. Captain Vallerton's character and naval career are fictitious only in degree, specifically, they form but too true a picture of what every naval officer must have beheld,—a powerful mind and a brave heart, struggling ineffectually against the overwhelming influence of borough corruption and political partialities that render merit often of no use in the service of the country. The mode of the naval

hero's promotion by the means of a noble duke, is simply a matter of fact, and it is feared, not a fact sui generis.

Excepting the passages that are merely argumentative, or inserted for the sake of humour, the third story is entirely true, and is told purely in the hope of contributing to the reformation of a system which shocks humanity, and to the improvement of creoles for whom circumstances have induced me to entertain a high degree of sympathy. The reader must not imagine that the character of Mrs. Juxton or the description of her family, affords any specimen of creoles in general; for this family is perhaps the last existing specimen of the old manners of our colonies, heightened moreover by individual depravity, which could be general scarcely in any state of society. Perhaps there is no contrast now existing so strong as that between the younger and the older female members of the upper

classes of Colonists. The old female residents of our Colonies are totally destitute of education, and have a narrowness of mind from being exclusively employed in regulating domestic drudgery and petty traffic; and their association being restricted to an intercourse with each other, or with their slaves, they have imbibed all the habits, and most of the vices, with which a system of slavery has infected the negro character. Their drawling voice, their gait, their sloth, their furious passions, their low cunning and sensuality, their buffoonery and doggrel, have been all imbibed by the mistresses; and the difference between an old negro and her old mistress, simply consists in shades of complexion, often not very perceptible to Europeans, until they are experienced in detecting the nice gradations of colour produced by the complexity of intercourse between the whites, the blacks, mulattoes, &c. &c. &c.

But the young and the middle-aged females of the higher classes in the Colonies, have all been educated in Europe; and as the calculation is that not one Creole parent in five ever pays or intends to pay for the schooling of his children, they generally indulge them in the most expensive education that England can afford: and no female society in Europe might be more polished than that of our Colonies, if the young ladies arriving from Europe were not in some degree liable to be injured by the example of their parents, and by the scenes of impurity around them. The women, however, have become companionable to men of sense and education; and which will unquestionably soon have the effect of winning their husbands and brothers from that revolting state of intercourse with the slaves, the commission of which they have hitherto taken very little pains to conceal from their wives and daughters.

The tale of the "Negro's Suicide" was too revolting to be told as a tale of pathos, or of mere fact; it has therefore been told in a style of humour, rendered broad, to adapt it to the tastes of Creoles; the sole or at least the principal object of publishing it, being to produce amongst them that species of reformation which our nature is always disposed to derive from witnessing the portraiture of our errors.

Of the volumes now offered to the Public, I might plead that they were written under circumstances that precluded a digestion of plan, or any attempt at excellence: they were written under the pressure of affliction, and in all the uncertainty and agitation which misfortune can produce; but I am aware that such pleas are too easily made to be attended to by the Public, and that the world in general cannot reasonably be expected to pay any attention to the disadvantages under which

an author may compose his work—the reader solely concerns himself about the merit of what he reads; and pleas of haste, or of any untowardness of circumstances, are,

"With merit needless, and without it vain."

I therefore dismiss the work, if not with indifference, at least without any effort to disarm criticism of its castigatory functions; for I have scarcely the vanity to suppose that my volumes will ever excite the notice of the critic or of the man of letters; and if I am not indifferent to censure, I may at least avow the maxim of Publius Syrus—

"Stultum est timere quod vitare non potes."



THE WELCH COTTAGE;

OR, THE

WOODMAN'S FIRE-SIDE.

"Our journey to-day has been truly delightful," said Mr. Hamlyn to his companion, Mr. Williams. "You have led me through the most beautiful scenery I ever witnessed, and the fineness of the weather has added to the charms of every thing we have seen: we have been fortunate in our day for travelling, and the clear atmosphere and cheerful sun have produced that happy tone of feeling,

> 'Which out of all the lovely things we see
> Extracts emotions beautiful and new.'

But in the ten miles we have ridden, how diversified has been the face of the country. In the morning our journey lay through the thickest and most extensive forests, and we enjoyed their deep recesses, and were conti-

nually stopping to admire the various foliage of the luxuriant and majestic trees. Now, on our left we have an even landscape with nothing to interrupt the rich view of ripened corn and of every thing which can reward the labour of the husbandman. How verdant is the country before us, and how beautiful the speckled cattle and numerous flocks. The spire of that village church, and the sound of those distant bells attune the mind to every soft and solemn emotion. But how terrific are these mountains on our right, rising from green and wooded hills into abrupt and fearful precipices, the broken and naked sides of blue and red rock entering the clouds reflect the rays of the sun with innumerable hues of unequalled brilliancy. What a contrast is formed between the gentle murmuring rill by the side of which we breakfasted this morning in the depth of the wood, and that hoarse torrent, which rushing down the steep sides of the mountain, is lost in the subterraneous cavern, until, emerging, it runs into that quiet river which glides peacefully through the valley below.

"But pray whose cottage is that which stands on the side of the mountain, about two

hundred yards above the level of the plain. It is built in the most exquisite taste. How sweetly its white sides and slated roof harmonize with the trees and the surrounding scenery. It seems the very abode of peace and innocence. The mind fancies that every thing good and happy, combined with the utmost simplicity, must be found within its walls. I never saw any thing so picturesque. The oak which overshadows it, seems as if it had grown to double the usual size, for the purpose of protecting it from the wind, and screening it from the powerful blaze of the sun.—Do you know whose cottage it is?"—"I do, indeed," replied Mr. Williams: "I have cause to remember it. No common persons have resided there. Peaceful and sequestered as that little woodland cottage appears, it has been visited by the deepest affliction. Long was it the abode of happiness and virtue—but the miseries of life smite the cottage of the peasant as well as the mansion of the peer. In this abode it is impossible but to imagine that the simple life of the peasant could not be exposed to the cares and troubles of the adventurous and busy world; but I tell you, my friend, that the shaft of wretchedness and mis-

fortune has fallen on this cottage with dreadful severity.

"You gaze with melancholy intenseness on the spot. The tale attached to it is one of deep interest, and some cold winter evening, after tea, when the red curtains are drawn and the fire blazes over the hearth, I will beguile your time by relating to you the story of the woodman, who once inhabited the cottage you admire."

"The prospect of a pathetic tale over a winter's fire," said Mr. Hamlyn, "may be very delightful, but, to tell you the truth, so many things have conspired to give me an interest in the fate of its inhabitants, that I was never more disposed in my life than I am at this moment, to enter into such a relation. It is now one o'clock, and the weather gets rather too warm. Our ponies have travelled far, and would have no objection to a little rest, nor would they dislike to crop the grass and stray about one of these inclosures; suppose we ride up this close winding path, which appears to lead to the cottage—it seems broad enough to admit our horses between its sides of briar and woodbine; and when we arrive at any cool convenient place, we can let our horses

range, and resting an hour, you can amuse me with the tale of this cottage, whilst we enjoy the air and view the surrounding scenery. Being on the spot where the misfortunes happened, will give an increased appearance of reality and recent occurrence to the circumstances, and I shall attend to the story with more satisfaction."

Mr. Williams assented to his friend's proposal, and they guided their ponies up the narrow winding path. As they gently ascended the hill, the prospect opened upon them with surprising beauty. At length the path led them to the garden fence opposite the front of the woodman's cottage. There were five or six remarkably healthy but delicate children, playing on a grass plat under the shade of a wide spreading beech—a little rosy-faced girl with curly hair, made them a curtesy as they passed; and the happy little group suspended their play till the gentlemen were advanced some yards beyond them, and then recommenced their sports with a half suppressed innocent laugh.

"I looked," said Mr. Hamlyn, "into the cottage as I passed. The floor was extremely clean, the table scoured as white as snow, and

the cottage utensils shone as bright as gold and silver: an oaken clock stood in one corner of the room, about three or four dozen books upon a shelf, and every thing bespoke industry, cleanliness, and order. The children in their sports were not rude and noisy, neither rustic accent, coarse manners, nor awkward action, point them out as the children of a peasant, but they bear all the appearance of genteel life and careful culture, and seem more quiet and orderly than the children of many gentlemen and ladies. These children cannot belong to a peasant, they are simply clothed, but their manners and appearance are those of better life." "The part of the cottage," replied Mr. Williams, "into which we looked, comprises only the offices and the servants' apartments. The front of the building which commands that extensive view, contains several very excellent rooms, and not destitute of good furniture. In short, I must anticipate my tale by informing you, that the widow who inhabits this rural retreat, leaves this side of the cottage in precisely the order and style of humble comfort in which it was first fitted by her late husband; and her daily devotions are offered to the Deity in this

apartment, which reminds her at once of all her happiness and of her days of misery."

"Let us," said Mr. Hamlyn, "stop here, we cannot have a better spot. How extensive is the prospect: I had no idea we should get so clear a view of the ocean, over the rich landscape before us. Those ships in the distance have a beautiful appearance; how bravely they stem the sea, whilst the boats on the quiet river, which runs through the woods and meadows, glide so silently and softly through the stream, that you can hardly perceive their motion. That's a very fine salmon which the fisherman has just caught. Let us rest ourselves here. I could sit under this tree and enjoy the scene for hours."

"I am afraid," said Mr. Williams, "if this is to be the spot on which we are to rest, that my story will run a sad chance of exciting attention in you. It will be impossible to withdraw your mind from the contemplation of the numerous beauties of nature which are so profusely scattered around us. Let us remain here for about half an hour, and when we have fully enjoyed the landscape, I will lead you to a spot equally beautiful, but of a beauty of a very different description."

Mr. Hamlyn's impatience to hear the story of the woodman, induced him to leave this delightful spot sooner than he otherwise would, but he left it with an anticipation of the joy he should receive from visiting the place at some future period.

They now ascended the mountain about a quarter of an hour, till the play of the children, which before was heard in an indistinct murmur, had gradually become fainter, and was at length inaudible. They passed several glens, which were so deep and shaded that the sun appeared never to have penetrated their recesses.' At length, turning suddenly round a projecting point, they were immediately in the midst of huge masses of rock rising to the clouds; the lower surfaces were covered with grass, with moss and brush-wood, but the tops appeared to be void of vegetation, and in many places covered with snow. This was a delightfully cool retreat during the extreme heat of the autumnal noon, and in the midst of this vast natural basin, there was a surface of about ten acres of fresh grass, with a few trees and a small pool of water, cool and as clear as crystal. At the foot of a tree, and on the margin of this beautiful pool, our travel-

lers seated themselves, having allowed their ponies to range at pleasure. The rocks rose so suddenly and perpendicularly, that it was impossible for them to escape, and the narrow pass by which they had entered, they took care to stop by a few boughs and clumps of trees.

" How powerful," exclaimed Mr. Hamlyn, " is the effect of scenery on the mind. The rich and beautiful views we were just now enjoying, created in me the most soft and tender emotions, now I am impressed with feelings of solemnity and awe. An extensive landscape with the most distant horizon, does not elevate the mind so much as even this confined fastness, where the abrupt ascents, the broken craggy projections, the huge masses of rock and their prodigious height, have all the wonderful effect of sublimity on the mind.

" The birds are so high above our heads, that even their screeching is softened by the distance, and is at times but hardly perceptible. Their horrid cry would be out of tone with the soft and cultivated scenery which we were enjoying this morning ; here it is in character with the wildness and rugged nature of our

situation, and adds to its effect on the mind. A gun discharged in this place, would make a great many echoes, and would disturb flocks of birds so numerous as to obscure from us the sight of the heavens."

"Here then," said Mr. Williams, "in this cool and romantic spot, we will rest till the excessive heat of the sun is moderated, and during our stay, I will relate to you the story of THE WOODMAN'S FIRE-SIDE.

"He was not a Welchman, but came to our village about twenty years ago, and his arrival made a considerable sensation in this secluded country, where we seldom see any body but its native inhabitants. His appearance attracted attention from the neighbouring gentlemen. He was remarkably tall, above six feet high, and his person fine and well proportioned. Although humbly clad, he was free from rustic awkwardness and clumsy action, and his step had all the grace and firmness of military training, without its measured formality and technical precision. I was a boy at that time, and his commanding figure, his fine Grecian face and piercing black eye made a wonderful impression on me. My head was at that time full of novels and romances,

and it only wanted a different station in life to make Mr. Ashford appear to me the most perfect figure of a hero which the imàgination could form.

" You will be surprised at my talking thus extravagantly of one so humbly situated, or of giving the title of Mr. to a man, who at least assumed the rank of a mere rustic; but his appearance at first procured him that respect, and his subsequent conduct was calculated to preserve him that consideration, or to acquire him even more than such a simple honour.

" He remained at the village inn for a week, conversing with nobody but on the subject of the neighbouring properties, and taking extensive rambles in every direction.

" At length he came to my father's mansion, and offered to purchase of him the ten or twelve acres which now surround the cottage. The land was poor, and except the timber which grew upon it, was really worth nothing. As the old gentleman was mercenary, he was soon prevailed on to part with this little portion of his patrimonial inheritance. Had he possessed any sensibility to the beauties of nature, he would never have

alienated from his estate, a spot which commands more beauty and variety of scenery than any place in England. I have since tried to purchase the property from Ashford's widow, but out of regard to her husband who planted it, and converted it from a barren waste to a productive garden, she has resolutely resisted every temptation of high price and earnest entreaty. Were it mine, I would build a gothic stone tower where the cottage now stands, for although the cottage is large, convenient, and beautiful, it is beneath my rank in the county to use or inhabit any place bearing so low a name. The elevation of the place above the level of the plain, gives it a cool temperature, and in the excessive heat of summer, I could pass my days and nights there in the refreshing atmosphere, and enjoy myself in ranging through the wilds of the mountains, or in contemplating the heavens from elevated situations, whence they appear in infinitely greater beauty than from the lands below, where there is more mist than in the mountain heights.

"No sooner had Mr. Ashford received possession of his new purchase, than with incredible industry, guided by sound judgment,

he commenced clearing it of its wood, leaving only a few of the largest trees, which from their size and situation were calculated to beautify his dwelling. The land was quickly cleared and drained; substantial fences or strong walls of stone, separated it from the adjoining ground. The cottage itself soon appeared rising above its foundation, to the surprize of the rustics, and to the delight of those who admired picturesque objects.

"It was observed that this dwelling in its exterior, exhibited considerable marks of taste, and that the inner arrangements bespoke attention to decencies and enjoyments of life, far above what persons in humble situations are accustomed to contemplate, or are disposed to value.

"Soon was this happy dwelling completed, and the grass lawn and flower garden before the house, began to assume its present beauty. Mr. Ashford was no mean florist; his garden contained many exotics, and plants unknown to this part of the world, were soon seen to flourish under his care. But in all that Mr. Ashford performed, there was an elegance of design, an evidence of his familiarity with objects of taste and of genteel life, which

created ten thousand conjectures and busy thoughts as to who and what he could be. Some imagined him to be a military or a naval officer retired upon half-pay. Others conjectured that he had arrived from our colonies, where, with his money, he might have acquired his habits of gloomy and haughty reserve. Some pronounced him to be a wanderer from the city, who did not choose to be subject to the inquiries of the neighbourhood as to the source of his independence, and many conjectured that he might be a fugitive to whom retirement was safety. Certain it is that his fine person, his graceful action, his commanding countenance and dignified reserve were in strong contrast to the simplicity and homeliness of his dress, and to the humility of his pretensions, for he studiously avoided both the richer and middling classes of gentlemen who would have formed acquaintance with him, but, although he did not admit a familiarity with the farmers or the poor, he seemed inclined to be known to them, and to associate with them as their arbitrator, their director, and their judge. He soon acquired a surprising influence over the minds of this class of persons, who in this retired part of

the world live a life of almost primeval simplicity, they esteemed him for his rigid impartiality and integrity—they were astonished at his quick discernment and penetration—they celebrated his knowledge, and they admired, although none of them followed, his abstemious mode of life. None ever dared to be familiar with him. There was a great kindness, or even tenderness, in his manners, but immediately familiarity commenced, a certain natural dignity of character appeared to rise involuntarily, and to check the presumption of the intruder. He could enjoy the sports of others, and often took a delight in witnessing their coarse and simple mirth, but never condescended to partake of their amusement: and yet I observed that the profound respect which the farmers and the poor evinced towards him, was very different from that which they testify towards their landlords or wealthy neighbours. It was a homage silently paid by the heart to a better and a superior nature. As none ever entered this good man's cottage, there wanted but age and the superstition of the last century to give this man the character of a sorcerer, or a wizard. The only persons who disliked this gentleman were the lawyers.

The farmers and shop-keepers of Wales are remarkably prone to litigation, and the lawyers are consequently numerous and wealthy, but when Mr. Ashford became the village peace-maker, and decided even the disputes of the most obstinate by gratuitous arbitration, the gentlemen of the law found strong motives for endeavouring to undermine his authority. They did all in their power to annoy this good but singular character, but as he was so thoroughly independent and separated from every body, and had an equanimity of temper, or at least a command of his passions, they found it impossible to hurt him even by any of those arts by which a cunning and vulgar attorney can wrest the laws to his purpose of ruining the poor.

" This truly excellent man received considerable annoyance from a creature of this description, whom fortune had raised to affluence in spite of his utter destitution of every worthy quality. I allude to that tall, thin gentleman, whose countenance you observed to be distorted so disagreeably in conversation. The father of this Mr. Praed was a low woolstapler, a miser in habit, who, having hoarded a little capital employed it as a

country banker from the beginning of that system of country banks which the recent policy of our government established through the country. His son, the gentleman of whom we are now speaking, was bred to the law, from the practice of which profession his execrable temper very soon drove him. But the father saw that the disposition of the son would mar his progress through life, and he therefore purchased a borough at the western extremity of Devonshire, and which he opportunely prostituted to the ruling powers, and his son was in a due course of time appointed to superintend a great public department. In this he continued for about fifteen years, when his conduct being exposed by the press, he was obliged to retire from office, and as he had a considerable interest in the county, the government allowed him to retire upon a liberal pension. Imagine the curse of a creature like this coming to settle in a sociable and peaceful district. Ashford with great spirit withstood, and indeed exposed his tyranny and injustice, and received all the annoyance which the malice of a petty and a wicked mind could contrive. Ashford was dignified in his retirement. To mortify his

pride, and to reduce his consequence, this wretched semi-lunatic, Mr. Praed, contrived that he should be chosen to a petty parochial office. But if this employment did not dignify the man, Mr. Ashford imitated the conduct of Epaminondas, who when from similar motives was chosen by his enemies to the station of a scavenger, declared himself resolved to dignify the station by the mode of executing the duty. But the second scheme of annoyance was still more atrocious, this creature, it is supposed by bribery, contrived that Mr. Ashford should be drawn for the militia. Poor Ashford apparently had no option but to serve, or to sell his furniture to raise a sum for a substitute. The iniquitous militia laws never fell more unfortunately than upon this man, but whilst he was preparing to part with his comforts to obtain his discharge, he received an anonymous letter that a wealthy but sympathising neighbour, whose name should never be disclosed, had provided a substitute. The malignity of this Mr. Praed having thus attracted the attention of those who were able to resent it, his dastardly spirit drove him to the necessity of quitting his prey, and he continued to live in a state of

self-torment between the desire to effect, and the fear of effecting poor Ashford's destruction.

"But to resume my history of the cottage: at the time it was completed, its architect received from London a considerable quantity of furniture, which appeared to be of the most neat and simple description, but so far from being either clumsy or coarse, it bore evident marks of having been made by the superior description of workmen.

"The cottage was now cleaned and the furniture arranged, when locking the door, our neighbour departed on a journey. At least, he suddenly disappeared one morning, and was a long time absent, which occasioned much conversation and surprise in the country, every body declaring there was something very *odd* in their new visitor. I strolled one morning up to the house, and looking in at the window I could not help admiring the cleanliness and the precise order in which every thing appeared. It seemed as if the house were made ready for a new visitor. In one room I observed many hundred volumes arranged on shelves, with globes, and some

philosophical and chemical instruments. In an adjoining room there was a turning lathe and many carpenter's tools, as well as implements of husbandry, doubtlessly intended for the amusement as well as for the business of their owner. I could see into all the lower rooms of the house, for the owner had not closed a single window shutter, knowing that in a country so far removed from the contagion of a city, and never annoyed by the presence of sailors, or of the military, there was neither violence nor robbery to fear from a people of manners so simple and uncorrupted.

"Conjecture had almost exhausted itself on the cause of Mr. Ashford's sudden disappearance, when, about three weeks after he had left us, a post-chaise drove into the village, and out of it came Mr. Ashford himself, accompanied by a female servant, and a most lovely and beautiful young lady of about twenty years of age.

"I was standing at the door of the inn when the carriage stopped. I waited as a man of consequence to receive Mr. Ashford's bow; but Mr. Ashford in every thing was passive. He took no notice of any body, but in return

for notice bestowed upon himself. At length I gave him my bow, which he returned with a quiet dignity of manner peculiar to himself.

"He handed from the chaise his wife, who was of the most graceful manners, and of the most delicate and elegant form. If her humble and negligent attire was meant as a disguise, it can barely be said to have answered her purpose, for nature had given her so truly elegant a figure, and so superior a countenance, and her manners were so inartificially delicate and graceful that no assumption of humble dress could conceal the better habits and culture of her youth. There was an expression of melancholy sensibility on her countenance, her fine dark eyes beaming with a mild lustre, at once bespeaking goodness and intelligence. She alighted from the chaise with the firm and easy step of one long used to receive attention, and to assume command. Respect was familiar to her, and when the homely phrase and salutation of the by-standers struck upon her ear, I could read in her countenance a sudden expression of indignation, which however instantly subsided: she shot an anxious and fearful glance on all around her, and appeared timidly to shrink to

her husband's side for protection, and I thought I saw affliction in her looks, but her face rapidly assumed the expression of fortitude, which subsided as quickly into an aspect of mild resignation, lightening into tenderness and love as her husband whispered something in her ear.

"They drove to the foot of the hill where commences the path leading to their house. I would as they stepped into the chaise have offered my services, my friendship to Mr. Ashford, but I was unable to speak. This, said I to myself, is some man of birth reduced to poverty, and flying from the world to escape its triumphs and its taunts, and to enjoy tranquillity and health in simplicity and retirement. Or they are persons who are sacrificing wealth and fashion to attain the object of their mutual affections. Sacrificing all for love—his wife—is she a woman to be lost in such a secluded spot as this—a flower to blush unseen—virtues probably which might gladden all around her, and make life a heaven, to be buried in such a rural retirement? Strange, perverse man, Mr. Ashford, why not associate with those whose minds, whose manners, whose sentiments and con-

versation are congenial with thy own. If your occupations are now to be coarse, or even laborious, my friendship alone would be your passport into society. I should see in you the scholar and the gentleman, and I might serve and benefit your family. Why then unnecessarily live the life of seclusion from the world. In this mood I watched the chaise to the foot of the hill. I saw the party alight, and kept my eye on them as they wound up the path. They entered the cottage, and I rode on to my mansion with a train of the most melancholy sentiments, and with a deep sympathy for the fortunes of the stranger and his wife.

" He who wishes to forget the world will soon find the world disposed to forget him. As Mr. Ashford so resolutely resisted all efforts made by his neighbours to be sociable he soon fell into perfect oblivion, and he and his wife lived without scarcely ever exchanging a word but with each other, or with their children and servant.

" It was not long however before a trifling circumstance brought upon Mr. Ashford the notice, and subjected him to the conversation of every body within a circuit of at least

twenty miles. This circumstance, so silly and trifling in itself, was sufficient to revive all the curiosity, and to display all the meaner passions of our nature in their worst garb. On the death of Sir John Vaniton, the furniture of Vaniton Hall was announced in the papers to be sold by auction; of course the sale attracted every body of every respectable condition within twenty miles. I was at the sale myself, but certainly the last person in the county I expected to see at such a place was Mr. Ashford. What, it was asked, could he want to buy, except the servant's furniture; every thing here was magnificent and costly; but Mr. Ashford certainly did not seem disposed to gratify the general curiosity, for he appeared to take not the slightest interest in any thing going on, and yet he patiently sat to the end of the sale.

" At length a grand or horizontal piano, with a vast quantity of music, elegantly bound, was put up by the auctioneer. For this lot Mr. Ashford bid, nor let not those who are accustomed to London prices, or to London auctions, be surprised when I relate that this lot was knocked down to him for fifteen pounds, less perhaps than the original cost of

binding the music. A violoncello, with an equal quantity of superbly bound music, was subsequently bought by him for about half that sum. The fact was, that there was nobody in the neighbourhood who could use such instruments, except the better class of gentry, and the mansions of these were already supplied. Ashford knew therefore that these things could be purchased for little or nothing, and he resolved, in order to support the spirits of his wife, to trespass upon his little hoard of money, to effect such a purchase. For my part, as I had known Sir John and Lady Vaniton intimately, I very well knew that these instruments had afforded no human being enjoyment in their house. Sir John detested music from circumstances which have made many others even of better taste than himself dislike it.

"Lady Vaniton was an instance of the folly of teaching every person an art which from its nature can be acquired or practised with success by only those who are so fortunate as to possess a certain aptitude for the accomplishment. Her Ladyship had been taught the piano at a fashionable boarding-school, in the same way that ninety nine in a

hundred of young ladies of fashion are taught that instrument in such seminaries. Without ear, taste, disposition, or a hand for execution, she had spent an hour of each day for about twelve years at her music. She had been taught like a parrot, by rote, and consequently when she left school, being of an age at which the riddance of the restraint of a master is considered a happy privilege, she was left to her own powers. After playing what she had learnt at school until fondness itself was sickened by the repetition, her parents urged her to practise other tunes. This she was unable to do without assistance, and to assistance she did not choose at her age to apply; but as she was resolved not to be set down as one of those who did not know how to play, she studied her pieces with some industry, and thought to make rapidity and noise the substitutes of correct time and tasteful execution. But Sir John had at least too much ear to tolerate such noisy discord, and as he and her Ladyship were in other respects not a very harmonious couple, he could never abstain from expressing his abhorrence of music whenever her Ladyship commenced her performance, and which very expression upon

his part was naturally followed by her resolution to practise, as she termed it, the whole morning. I was glad therefore to see musical instruments now fall into the hands of those who knew so well how to use them, and to whom they would at once be a source of real delight, and an antidote to much care and sorrow; for that Ashford and his wife were both by nature and by education capable of enjoying as well as playing music, I well knew; having so frequently, when ranging the hills, heard him accompany with his voice or with a flute, his wife's singing; and their style of execution evinced that they each possessed a fine taste, formed upon the highest and most refined models.

"But the astonishment at Ashford's buying a grand piano was beyond all bounds—at his purchasing a violoncello, that astonishment rose to its climax. 'What name shall I put down,' said the Auctioneer. 'Mr. Ashford,' replied the purchaser. 'William Ashford, I believe,' superciliously rejoined the Auctioneer, 'and', added he satirically, '*Mr.* Ashford, it is one of the conditions of the sale, that five and twenty per cent. of the purchase money be paid at the time of bidding.' There was a

broad grin on the countenances of the ignoble vulgar; the *gentlemen*, and *ladies* present looked at first surprised, at Ashford's purchase, and at last they seemed indignant that one so low, or at best so suspicious, should, by assuming a similarity of amusements with themselves, destroy the profound awe with which the vulgar in the country behold all that belongs to their superiors. Mr. Ashford paid the five and twenty per cent. with the most dignified composure, and was not in the least moved by the passing scene; and yet, in spite of all my penetration into his countenance, and my observation upon his manner declaring him unconcerned, I could hardly conceive it possible that he did not feel internally some sentiment of mortification, if not of indignation, at what he could not but know was passing in the minds of all around him. It was partly in pity to him, and partly in contempt to those around me, that I therefore, leaning over two or three intermediate persons, addressed him, with 'Mr. Ashford, I shall be obliged to send a waggon to remove my purchases to my own house, and if you will allow me, I shall feel great pleasure in ordering my servants to transport your piano

to the cottage.' Mr. Ashford evidently felt my motives, and with great pleasure in his countenance, replied, 'Sir, I am obliged to you, and should be happy to avail myself of your offer, but I had made arrangements for this purpose previous to leaving home.' My countenance thus bestowed upon Mr. Ashford had a most visible effect upon the assemblage; the Auctioneer could now utter the *Mr.* Ashford without irony or sarcasm, the poorer part of the farming gentry substituted looks of surprise for those of derision; but the higher classes were still disposed to continue their more refined rudeness. Lord Vacilturn, with a shrug of contempt, declared his astonishment that *Mr.* Ashford should ever excite observation in the neighbourhood, sapiently adding, 'he was evidently some petty retired music master, from some of the secondary cities, such as Bath or Bristol.' Lady Vacilturn, with an insolent and significant look, told me how very civil I was to *Mr.* Ashford, and then as significantly asked me, whether in my rambles in the mountains I did not often see *Mr.* Ashford's wife; and then, laughing, added, 'oh, I know how fond you are of game—pray, Mr. Williams, is

she as delicate and as beautiful as they say.' 'Much more *delicate* at least than *some* of her betters, I assure you, Lady Vaciltum,' was my reply. My reproof was felt, but my assailant was far from repulsed. 'I suppose,' exclaimed her silly vapid daughter, 'we shall soon have our turnpike men and carters' wives playing pianos and violoncellos, and ladies and gentlemen must give up the study merely to drive the instruments out of fashion.'—'Oh,' resumed Lady Vacilturn, with a sneer, 'these refined instruments, playing in a cottage amidst our hills, will give an irresistible charm, or sort of romance to our Welch mountains.' Her words were prophetic—for in the cool and silent retreats of these hills, often after the lassitude of a long and, in the country, lonely day; and frequently after the weariness and insipidity of a fashionable country party, have I retired to hear the sound of these instruments, rendered almost magical in their ascent, and by the mind's associating them with the surrounding scenery.

"But to resume the direct thread of my narrative.

"Living as Mr. and Mrs. Ashford did in a

spot so beautiful and healthy, with the most frugal and temperate habits, and with labour sufficient to exercise without fatiguing them, you may suppose that they enjoyed the most perfect health, and that their children consequently increased with rapidity. Nor was their family likely to be thinned by any of those diseases which sweep off the puny offspring of unwholesome cities. In short, in five years, they found themselves the parents of five robust and healthy children. The produce of the little farm was now no longer able to support the family, and poor Ashford was reduced to the sad necessity of giving up his servant, and his delicate and lovely wife had now to perform all the menial offices of the house. I observed in her appearance rather more cheerfulness than usual, but probably it was assumed for the purpose of soothing the sorrows of her husband, for the triumphant observations which the neighbourhood were disposed to make on this symptom of their distress, could not affect a mind so much above the sordid or malignant feelings of life.

" When Mr. Ashford was with his wife, he seemed always cheerful, or at least serene.

He was sportive with his children, but I have seen him when alone, and his face at such times wore the aspect of anxiety and despair. He was obliged to toil with redoubled care for the support of his family, but his little farm being so well managed and worked with the spade, its produce was unusually large, it was however insufficient for the comfortable support of so many. Still he was happy, and when the labours of the day were over, it was delightful to see him in front of the cottage accompanying his wife's voice with his flute, the notes sounding in many parts of the mountains like the effect of enchantment.

"When they had lived in their cottage thirteen years, they were possessed of seven fine, active boys, and five lovely girls, whose elegance of figure and delicacy of manners were little suited to their humble situation.

"And now came the most severe blow which the father had yet felt. The village afforded him no means of gaining a livelihood but by manual labour, and it was utterly impossible any longer to feed his family by his little farm. The unprincipled tyranny of our Game Laws prevented his availing himself of a resource which nature seemed to have de-

signed in equality for all men. He might have had the privilege of shooting over my estate, and I could perhaps have procured him similar permission of some of my friends, but he did not appear in the character of a person qualified to shoot, nor had he the money to take out a licence. In this distressing situation, he adopted the only means in his power to gain additional comforts for his pregnant wife and distressed children. He employed himself and his eldest son in cutting the wood from the higher part of the mountains, upon which having exercised his mechanical skill, he used to sell it to a person who retailed it for the use of the neighbouring villages. I have mentioned that he had a turning lathe, with which he used to amuse himself on his arrival in the country. This he now put to profitable account, for turning the wood he cut down into various domestic utensils, he sold the produce of his labour to a person who kept a shop for the supply of the neighbourhood.

" This descent to traffic afforded full scope for the bad feelings of the surrounding inhabitants. Hitherto, as Mr. Ashford had been independent of his neighbours, poor as he

was, he was considered as a gentleman, now he was reduced to their own level, and the reduction gratified the malice and flattered the pride which is inseparable from vulgar minds. Still he repulsed their familiarity, nor did they dare to show any triumph in his presence. They liked him for his benevolence, and respected him for his many virtues; but it is the nature of uneducated man to feel something like joy and exultation at the misfortune which brings a superior to an equality with themselves. They now began to sneer at what they called his pride and haughtiness, and to talk of his family as a family of beggars, whom the magistrates ought to compel to work, lest they should become a burden to the parish. He was no longer called by the country Mr. Ashford, but now every body was disposed to laugh at 'the Gentleman Woodseller;' and at length the mister was entirely dropped, and he went by the name of the Woodman Ashford, and at last by the simple term of the Woodman.

"He hardly cared for the malice of his neighbours further than he lamented the baseness of human nature. His mind seemed so thoroughly above those amongst whom he

was doomed to live, that nothing they did towards him could excite his resentment or create in him any interest. In their own fate he warmly sympathized, for his heart was exceedingly tender. 'What,' said he, 'shall these people whom I have for fourteen years benefited by important instruction and advice, feel joy in my misfortunes?'—But he might have comforted himself with the reflection that this satisfaction at the miseries of others, is often accompanied by far better feelings. It was a proof of the perverseness of human nature, for many of the people who ridiculed him, in their hearts would have done much to befriend him or his family.

"Mr. Ashford's griefs entirely sprung from the protracted sufferings of his family. But in the presence of these, at his table, or at his fire-side, he forgot all his cares, and was the happiest of men. Never were two hearts more united in love, nor ever was conduct so completely under the influence of mutual affection, as in this amiable couple. He laughed at their calling him the Woodman, and looked forward to brighter times. They had adopted their line of life after mature deliberation, and they bore their sufferings with

fortitude. They felt inherently that they were better born, and that they were intrinsically good, and their reduced condition was therefore no source of mortification to them. Not that either of them were of that dull insensible nature, which, showing but weak emotion at misfortunes, is often mistaken for resignation or fortitude; but their moral sensibilities were of the most keen and tender description, and required the utmost exercise of their good sense to suppress or to guide them.

"It was one clear and fine frosty day in the middle of January, that I took my dog and gun to rove about the mountains in quest of game. The extraordinary fineness of the weather, and the beautiful reflections of the sun beams from the different masses of snow and ice, had induced me to wander much further than I had any idea of; evening closed in upon me, and I was far from home, bewildered in the intricate mazes of these mountain paths, now rendered obscure by a sudden fall of snow. I grew exceedingly uneasy, it was intensely cold, and the snow fell so heavily as to obscure my view of any distant object to guide my lonely way. I kept the immense head of yonder hill on my right, knowing that I should be then in a direction

leading to the plains. I became however more and more perplexed, I was exhausted with fatigue, spiritless from disappointment, and almost deprived of exertion by the cold. I had the prospect of passing the night in these dismal regions, if indeed life could be preserved under such severe weather, and in such a place. I was resting my arm on my gun, sunk by these melancholy reflections, and my dog looking wistfully in my face, as if conscious of my distress, and not insensible to his own. What shall I do? said I to myself in a tone of alarm and despair; hardly had the words proceeded from my lips, when the laughter of apparently many children was distinctly heard at a distance. I started with surprise. Who, thought I, can at this time of night be in this desert place, so far from shelter and habitation. If you are human beings, you can have little cause for laughter under such circumstances. The laughter was again, and louder than before. You will smile at me, if I tell you that really at the moment the ideas of fairies, or at least of supernatural beings, came into my head. I instinctively seized my gun, and advancing a few paces beyond a mass of rock which screened the

view from me, I saw between some trees at a distance, the glimmer of a light; I pressed forward to it with ardour, and in ten minutes I was at the door of the Woodman's Cottage.

"His warm red curtains were drawn, but not so closely as to prevent me seeing into the house. Cold and miserable as I was, I could not help standing in the snow to enjoy the comfortable scene. The room was large; at a table the two elder boys were playing a game of chess, and the mother was alternately attending to their game, and to her two eldest girls, one of whom was knitting a purse, and the other sketching a picture. There was a large blazing fire, the hearth remarkably clean, Mr. Ashford sitting at a moderate distance, in a loose gown and slippers, playing with the remainder of his children. I never saw so great a difference in a man in my life; all his sternness and dignity were gone. He was entering into the spirit of their little sports; they were climbing his knees, hanging about his neck, playing twenty little gambols, which the happy father seemed so thoroughly to enjoy; but the child that sported with most life, who attracted the father's greatest fondness, was little Harry, a fine rosy little boy of

about four years old. But the mother's chief attention, and most tender looks, were bestowed upon the young lady who was employed with the pencil. A truly elegant and beautiful girl, whose soft and expressive countenance seemed tinged with a hectic flush, which rendered it even more interesting than its expression of melancholy sensibility.

" I gazed with delight on this happy group. At any other time I could have remained an hour beholding such a scene of all the joys of home—of the joys which spring from connubial love and parental fondness. But other wants now pressed me, and I tapped at the door with the spring of my shot belt.

" A visitor at this time of night had, I suppose, never approached the Woodman's Cottage, and the knock of the door a little alarmed the society. In this pastoral and patriarchal country, robbery is seldom heard of, and violence never. Mr. Ashford readily opened the door, and my figure was certainly calculated to frighten the children and to fill the parents with laughter. My fur cap, my large boots, and rough jacket, covered with snow, and with my gun and dog, I looked like a Robinson Crusoe dropped from a snow cloud,—

" 'Your servant, Mr. Ashford. You don't know me, I see, in this odd condition.' 'Oh, Mr. Williams, by your voice. I really did not know you. Come, Sir, do walk in.' 'I am happy to do so, Mr. Ashford, for I am nearly perished with fatigue and cold. I have lost my way in the mountains, and had the prospect of perishing by the cold, in the night, had I not, most unexpectedly, found myself within hale of your cottage, at a time when I thought myself nearly five miles from it.'

"The elder son, leaving his chess-board, advanced, and with the perfect air of a gentleman, took my gun and hat, whilst his brother brought me a boot-jack and a pair of slippers. The daughter, who had been drawing, brought me a blue great coat, and begged me to change my jacket, which was full of snow. Thus in ten minutes was I dry and comfortable, and with a happy family, over a good fire. What a contrast to the fierce wind, the bitter cold, and trackless desert, which I had just before been exposed to!

" 'I hope, Sir,' said Mrs. Ashford, 'you have the usual quality of the sportsman about you, a good appetite, for I shall be happy to offer you a supper.' 'Indeed, Madam, I have, for I

have not eaten since ten o'clock, which, I believe, is about ten hours ago, and I have been exposed all that time to the bracing air of these hills.'

"'We can give you,' said the husband, 'some cold leg of mutton, or a beef steak. our fare is simple, but,

'To those who're fed on costly fare,
Simplicity alone is rare.'

'Hunger levels all distinctions, Mr. Ashford, but at any time a good steak is no mean dinner. I would have given fifty pounds for one but an hour ago. With a steak and a glass of your ale, I shall feast like an alderman.'

"'The first thing, Sir, you shall have, but the last, I am afraid, it is out of our power to supply.'

"'Oh! never mind the ale, a glass of spirits and water will do just as well. I was afraid to mention wine.'

"'To tell you the truth, Mr. Williams, I believe the latter of these two things is all that I can give you, for our habits are so simple and temperate, that I do not think any thing but tea, water, or milk and water have been ever drunk under this roof.'

" 'Will you,' said the wife, 'take tea and dinner in one, perhaps it is better than mere water.' This was said in so obliging a manner, that I could not but assent.

" 'You must know,' said Mr. Ashford, smiling, 'that the woodman is an economist even in fuel, for when our dinner is cooked we always let our kitchen fire out, so that you must have your refinement, Mr. Williams, shocked for once in your life, by seeing your dinner dressed before you, in your sitting room.'

" 'Indeed,' said Mrs. Ashford, 'economy is hardly a virtue with us, at least is far from optional;' and now, without any affected awkwardness, or embarrassment, she began cooking me my dinner.

" No further apology, of any sort, was made; the whole family seemed perfectly unrestrained and easy in their entertainment of me, which evinced their thorough good breeding and hospitality.

" 'Come, young gentlemen, don't let me interrupt your game of chess. Nor let me, ladies, stop what you were about. This is a very free and spirited sketch. It is a view of our village, and of my own park and seat. Pray was

this what you were engaged in when I entered. The young girl answered in the affirmative, and descanting a little on the performance, resumed her occupation. The numerous paintings round the room, are any of these done by your daughters, Mrs. Ashford?'

"'No, Sir, they are all the production of Mr. Ashford, or of myself; except the two over the piano, which are the performance of my two elder sons. My girls being young, their drawings and paintings are inferior, and grace only the parlour and bed-rooms, but the sketch you have been looking at is, I believe, to have the honour of gracing this room, which we call our drawing-room.'

"Little Harry jumped on my knee, and began to play with me familiarly. I availed myself of this circumstance to give himself and his brothers the game I had shot in my day's sport, and which, I thought, would be a repayment of what I should consume in the house, for these worthy people, I well knew, however disposed, could hardly afford to entertain me.

"I felt perfectly at home, and indescribably happy, from the novelty of the scene, its contrast to the fate which but an hour ago awaited

me, and I was happy by a sympathy with the extreme happiness which reigned around me.

"As my repast was nearly finished, my worthy host observed I had put them so little out of their usual habits that the family would now perform what, he believed, had never been omitted since his residence in the country, and his children soon joined him in their evening devotion to the Deity, and afterwards kissing their parents with unaffected tenderness, they orderly retired to their bed rooms.

" 'I could offer you a bed,' said my host, 'which, although coarse and homely, your fatigue might render comfortable. This is really a fierce wintry night, and your house is nearly five miles distant—'

" 'To tell you the truth, Mr. Ashford, I was never less disposed to walk five miles, or to leave the fire-side than I am at this moment; I am excessively tired, and would willingly accept your offer, but my house-keeper and butler will be alarmed at my not returning; my habits are so regular, they will be uneasy, and probably sending the servants and peasantry out in search of me.'

" 'But, Sir, if you write them a note my eldest son can take it to the foot of the hill,

to the miller's, who will send the letter to your house, by a man on horseback. The miller's is only two miles off, and the lad knows the winding path to the foot of the hill almost instinctively. The dog can go with him and be his guide, if the heavy fall of snow should lead him out of his track.'

" This was acceded to, apologizing for sending the son out in such weather, and at such an hour.

" 'And now, Mr. Ashford, I find my body and my mind most sadly at variance. The one inclining me to repose, the other making me desirous of your society and conversation. I shall, at all events, sit up until my ambassador has safely returned.'

" The poor boy was absent upwards of two hours, and returned covered with snow, and almost petrified with the cold. And these two hours were of the most pleasant of my life.

" I found Mr. Ashford to be extensively and deeply read both in philosophy, literature, and science. Penetration and vigour were the characteristics of his intellect, but age, I perceived, was gradually superinducing habits of patient and cautious investigation. He had a thorough and almost intuitive insight into cha-

racter, with a talent for delicate satire, but a benevolence, and a polished good sense were diffused through all he said.

"But the charms of Mrs. Ashford's conversation were of a more lively cast. She was well acquainted with all the better works of the imagination, seemed familiar with every thing relating to taste and feeling, and appeared indeed to possess a considerable knowledge of the more abstruse subjects of study. But the delicate, the unobtrusive, and indirect manner in which her talents were evinced; the grace, the vivacity and playfulness of fancy with which she enlivened our conversation, approached in my mind, to the very standard of intellectual and elegant manners. And is this, said I to myself, as I retired to my room, is this a woman to cook my dinner and scour my room; are these people to be depressed by sordid poverty, and to be buried in such utter seclusion. Strange, indeed, are the diversities of human life. Let me never again imagine that because a man is poor, he must be ignobly born or bred in habits of vulgarity. I used to consider life as a rock, in which the strata kept, for ever their original direction, but I have long had reason to remark, that society is like

a troubled sea—the waves which are at this minute the highest soon sink into oblivion, whilst the under surface rises over them with pride and triumph.

"The next morning I had my breakfast of excellent tea, with eggs and a cold chicken, and cold meat. 'Our life,' said Mr. Ashford, 'is patriarchal or primitive: all you have seen at table, except the tea, is the produce of my own labour, and of the ground around my house. These few sterile acres supply my whole family.' 'Not,' said Mrs. Ashford laughing, 'that their produce is great, but because our wants are so few. I have taught my daughters that excellent little poem, the Fire-side, by Cotton.' At this moment a countryman entered the house, with a manner evincing an impudence restrained only by the individual personal character of its master. 'Be this letter for you, it has laid at my measter's for this week, for William Ashford, Esq. and as there is nobody of that name in these here parts but you, measter had guessed as how it might be for the Woodman.' 'And perhaps,' said Mr. Ashford, with composure and good temper, 'your master's guess is not far from the mark.' The postman was about

to joke at the *Esquire,* but turning round he perceived me at the table. He dropped three awkward bows, and became silent and looked silly and abashed. How base, thought I, is human nature, even this poor wretch, who, one would suppose, would forbear at the poverty which must be the lot of himself, will yet sport at and despise the poverty of another. No sympathy for his own condition. Taunt at distress, and crouch at wealth and power. Surely man forges his own chains.

"Mrs. Ashford saw the seriousness of my thoughts, and gracefully withdrew me from my reverie.

"'This,' said she, smiling, 'is an eventful period for us, Mr. Williams. For the fourteen years we have resided at the cottage, neither guest nor postman has approached our gate; last night honoured us with the one, and this morning ushers in the other.'

"'And both,' I replied with earnestness, 'will I trust be the precursors of happiness.'

"Mr. Ashford read the letter with an emotion which even his command of features did not enable him to conceal.

"As soon as he was alone with me, I got up to depart—'My friend,' said I, in a tone of un-

embarrassed feeling, which my heart spontaneously supplied, 'these regions do not afford many persons of information or of polished manners, and I have long tried to acquire your society, perhaps with a hope of gaining your friendship—your confidence.—why, Mr. Ashford, you should avoid me, I know not, but as accident has thus been the means of bringing us together, may I hope it will lead to our immediate visiting.'

" 'Mr. Williams, I never yet would visit any man so much above me in life, that visiting could not be reciprocal,—and' continued he laughing, 'if the Woodman and his wife were seen at your table, it would occasion so much spleen, surprise and envy among the farmers and good people around us, that out of benevolence to the quiet of my neighbours, I must decline your offer.'

" 'Is it possible, Mr. Ashford, that a man of your sense,—'

" 'Stop, Sir,' said he with emphasis, 'I appreciate your character, I esteem, I admire you; but your acquaintance would be inconsistent with that plan of life which I am resolved that nothing shall wean me from. At present, it is impossible we can be friends.

Fortune may soon change, when there is no man on earth whose friendship I would prefer to your's. Good morning, Sir.'

"'But, stop, Mr. Ashford, your two eldest sons, in figure and appearance are far beyond their age, I can at this moment present them with commissions in my brother's regiment of militia. Let me fill up two commissions with their names.'

"He looked at me earnestly; a thousand thoughts seemed like lightning to flash across his mind and agitate his frame. 'My friend, I am grateful to you, very grateful, but it is impossible—farewell.'—And giving me his hand, he left me.

"As soon as I had gone, he approached his wife, saying, 'my dear, this is a letter from my friend, Captain Burford, let me read it to you?

"My dear Moreton,

"For fourteen years no communication has passed between us, we may mutually suppose each other dead.—Shortly after you left me, my affairs were ruined, and I have lived ever since abroad and in a poverty equal to your own; but I doubt if I have borne it so well. My uncle, the admiral, is now dead, and his Irish

estates descend to me as heir at law. I leave London in the mail on the 25th, on my way to Ireland to take possession of my property. The coach passes through the town of * * * * *, at one o'clock on the 27th. It is not far, I believe, from your retreat. You must meet me, I have much good and important news to tell you. Our fortunes, my dear friend, declined together, and they will rise in unison, for the term of your banishment is o'er. My love to your wife, and to your children, if you have any.

"Yours, my dear friend,

"HENRY BURFORD."

"'How fortunate,' said Mr. Ashford, 'is it that the letter was delivered this morning, it is the 27th; a delay even of a few hours would have marred my meeting with our friend. I long, my dear Burford, to see you. The recollections of my youth come across me, and overpower my feelings—and oh, my dear Emma, said he, falling round his wife's neck and bursting into a flood of tears, you have long borne toil, degradation, and solitude for my sake. Thank God, the sun of your misery is set—you will soon grace your proper sphere, our children will soon shine in their appro-

priate stations. We will draw infinite happiness from our former trials.' I might have commenced my acquaintance with Mr. Williams, why did I repulse him? A half an hour was spent in this mixture of grief and rejoicing, when my friend, for I must call him so, thought of setting out to meet Captain Burford. The distance was about seven miles.

"'The Woodman,' said he, 'in gaiety of spirits, shall cut his last load to day. Come, my dear William, I must keep my engagement; we must go to the wood, it is all in our way, you shall return with the cart, and I will proceed on my journey. I shall be back to you with the news, my dear Emma, by five.'

"'And let *me* go,' said little Harry, catching hold of his father's coat. 'And that you shall, my little darling. You shall return with your brother William. Beg your mamma to put on your thickest boots and great coat, and put a warm handkerchief round your little throat.'

"At ten they set out, and having cut the load of wood, the father directed the boys to return. Harry begged his father to let him go on with him; and he was so fond of the company of his children, that he consented, re-

flecting that Captain Burford would be glad to see a specimen of his family.

" They arrived at the town of —— by one, but the roads had been rendered so heavy, that the mail was delayed nearly two hours.

" Captain Burford embraced his friend with great affection; communicated to him that he must the next morning set out to see his father. ' Indeed,' said Mr. Ashford, ' my journey to my father must be pedestrian, for amongst the fourteen members of my family, I do not believe we could muster as many shillings.' Captain Burford pressed his friend to accept of a draft for fifty pounds, observing that he was now too rich to need re-payment, and, said he, if I demand it, you will soon be in a condition to make restitution. But Mr. Ashford asserted that he had, in commencing his late career, made a resolution that no extremity should ever induce him to borrow; that he had punctually kept all his resolves, and would not, just at the close of the scene, break through determinations which he had kept for upwards of fourteen years.

" ' Well,' said the generous sailor, ' my dear friend, I knew the stoppage of the coach would be too short to admit of my telling you

all I had to communicate, I have therefore put it down on paper. Here is the whole story, a sheet of foolscap full for you. Now I am off, my dear Ashford, good bye, my love to Lady Emma, and I will come and see you at your mountain cottage on my road from Ireland.'

"'But, Burford,' cried out Mr. Ashford, 'no more of your 'Squires if you please. Don't be 'squiring me. Ask for the Woodman's Cottage, or you perhaps will have more trouble in finding me out than you may be willing to take.'

"'Oh, oh, and that's been a feature of your disguise, has it—you were always a romantic fellow.' 'No feature of my disguise, I assure you,' said Mr. Ashford, 'but a result of my poverty, given to me by my good neighbours in triumph over my distress.' 'Au revoir, then,' said Burford, and the coach drove off.

"'And now, little Harry,' said the father, 'I wish, my dear, you were not with me. This sad delay of the coach has made our journey back very unpleasant, if not dangerous; night will soon close in upon us, and unless I can get over the first four miles, and reach

to the more open passes before it is dark, I shall be perplexed to find out my way; but my good dog Lion will be some assistance to us. Come, my dear little boy, my heart is gay, and, thank God, my limbs are strong, I will carry you the first three miles, although, you little rogue, you are the heaviest little fellow of your age I ever saw.'

"He took the child up in his manly arms, and began to walk at a rapid rate; the daylight however soon began to fail, and, to add to his perplexity, the snow came on so thick, and was driven so fiercely by the keen east wind, that it was with the greatest difficulty they could proceed. They had already gone three miles, to return was therefore equally hazardous; 'and,' said Ashford, 'if I return, the way home by the high road is nearly thirteen miles, and I have not a farthing to pay for a conveyance of any sort. I must now go on. My dear little boy, you are too manly to complain, but I see you are suffering much. It was very imprudent in my bringing you. Harry, my dear, we shall not be home till seven; mamma will be very uneasy. Let me cuddle you to my breast.'

"He continued walking an hour, without falling into the tracks which he expected, and with which he was so well acquainted, that, if he could once have reached them, he would have found no difficulty in pursuing his way. The night was extremely dark—the thick fall of snow obscured every object—it was bitter cold. The dog himself even seemed to shrink from the night with an instinctive horror—a drift of snow and a fierce gust from between two lofty hills obliged him to throw himself on his face, to prevent being swept away.

"He now perceived he had missed his road. 'Good heavens! is it possible,' said he, 'that I could have so totally mistaken my path. Why, that is the Peak—well, we must be near the cottage of Mr. Williams's game-keeper, old Arlington. He will cheer us by a meal over his fire, and I can proceed then with renovated strength. But this place is so full of gulleys and deep chasms, that it is dangerous to move. It is miraculous how we have escaped them so long. I will holla, perhaps Arlington may hear, and come to my relief.' His hoarse full voice resounded from hill to hill, and was at length drowned by the

howling of the fierce wind. There was no human response, and hardly had its last echo died upon the gale, than the boy, feebly throwing his little arms round his father's neck, in the tone of exhaustion, cried, 'Papa, I can't bear the cold.'

"The tender tone and faint exhausted voice of the child, with the loud call of the father, formed a contrast which pierced the parent to the heart. 'My child,' said he, 'you have been numbed for want of exercise. Let me put you down. Beat your little feet about, and make them warm, whilst I look around me, and consider which direction I must take.'

"The child scarcely reached the ground, when he uttered a faint shriek. The alarmed father rapidly snatched at him, he caught him, but in the effort lost his balance. They had been standing on the very brink of a precipice, and were now hurled to its base. The father held the child above him in his fall, lest falling on him, he might have crushed him to death. But although the depth was terrific, the great body of snow was frozen to a degree which broke their fall, nor were they hurt when they reached the bottom.

"The sides of these pits were nearly perpendicular. Poor Ashford's heart sunk within him; the extreme danger of the case was but too evident. He walked in every direction for the chance of finding a slope sufficiently moderate to ascend; but 'twas hopeless. Every effort which Herculean strength could support, or which a firm and vigorous intellect could devise, was tried, and repeated without success. He cleared the snow with his hat and hand from above his head, to give him air.

"He had only a frock coat on, and this he had deprived himself of to wrap the child in. All the time he was using his active exertions to get out of the pit, he had instinctively pressed little Harry to his side for warmth. Now his efforts were over, he thought of the boy. 'My son, my dear Henry, my child. Oh God,' cried the father, 'in an agony of grief, he's dead, cold, for ever lost to me. What, are your little cheeks never to revive. Will your pretty lips never kiss me more. Speak to me, Harry, utter one sigh; speak to your poor father; no, not even a murmur, dead, for ever dead. Oh God! my child, my child, my child.' The tears gushed from his eyes, and he cast him-

self on his knees, pressing ten thousand kisses on the cheeks and icy lips of his favourite child.

"Three hours passed he in this wretched situation. At length the stimulus of grief and exertion no longer sustained his body, and he began to be sensible that nature was nearly exhausted. Even his firm and robust frame was now yielding to the fate which had befallen his child. He thought of his own blazing hearth, and of all the joys of home. 'My wife, my poor wife, left destitute to labour for her children: nobody to sustain her spirits and to partake her toil. Oh, I picture you, widowed, forlorn, and hopeless, labouring for the common food of nature. My children, my girls, no father to guide, to protect you, your youth exposed to the scorn, the contempt, the snares of an unfeeling and merciless world.' His heart was broken, the cold stiffened his nerves, he sunk upon the earth, never to reanimate!

"And now let me carry you back to the cottage; poor Emma, at the appointed hour of five, looked wistfully for the arrival of her child and husband. All was ready for preparing his dinner. As the fierce east wind

whistled at the windows, she kept adding logs on the blazing hearth. His daughter had put his slippers to warm, and had hung his woollen night-gown ready for him over the back of the arm-chair, at the fire-side. It struck six, they had not arrived; seven, and they saw them not. At last the hour of eight had struck, and she became extremely unhappy. 'Come, my dears, it is useless to keep you up to kiss your father and little Harry, you must say your prayers and go to bed, and to-morrow morning you can give them a double kiss to make up for your not seeing them to-night.'

"When her children were a-bed, and she was left alone, her feelings became insupportable; she paced the room with a hurried and unequal step; she opened the window, to look at the weather. The keen wind drifted in the snow; she quickly closed the casement, drawing the shawl round her throat, and shuddering with horror.

"At ten her feelings were no longer to be borne, she went to the bed-side of her eldest son, William, and communicated to him her fears, expressing a resolution to go in quest of his father. He rose in haste to accompany

her; she had put on her shawl and red cloak, and with a lantern was issuing out of the cottage, having left a note on the table, for her husband, in case of his arrival during her absence. Her plan was to get some of her neighbours to accompany her, or to go in different directions. As she put her hand on the latch of the door she heard the well known voice of Lion. 'They are safe,' she cried, 'I heard the bark of the dog,' and she sunk into a chair, overcome with joy. In a minute Lion was at her feet, howling most piteously. They looked in breathless expectation for the entrance of his master; no footsteps were heard, their countenances bespoke the most dreadful apprehensions. They caught each other's glance, and read but too clearly in their mutual looks what their tongues dared not express.

"At length the mother broke silence, in that awful and solemn tone which utter despair can alone create. 'God's will be done, it is but too evident my husband and my child have perished.' Then rising with an almost supernatural energy, made an effort to go out in quest of them.

"Her son's character rose with the occa-

sion, he so forcibly displayed the impropriety of her leaving the house, that she at length consented to his going, accompanied by any neighbour whom he could induce to share with him the dangerous journey of the night. The dog kept howling, and pulled him by the coat in the direction of the path which led to the hut of the game-keeper. He but too well knew the signal of the sagacious and faithful animal; arrived at the game-keeper's door, the anxious son related to Arlington all that had occurred. The old man shook his head in despair: he well knew the dangers of the mountains. 'I fear,' said he, 'Master Ashford, this is a case of distress; but come, Sir, no time is to be lost: my four sons, and two of my men shall accompany you with torches, and with the poles and ropes which we use on occasions like these.' In less than ten minutes the party were on their road.

"The dog led them to the spot. 'The deepest pit,' said old Arlington, 'of all the district.' Their torches spread a glare over the snow, and it was but too evident that something had recently broken the surface. 'Come,' said the old man, 'this pit is at all times dangerous, but in a night like this it is

doubly so. It is extra duty, we must have volunteers, who will descend.'

" 'Who,' said young Ashford, 'is so proper to seek for a father as a son. I will descend; come, my friends, bind the rope round my waist and lower me down.'

" 'Your descent,' replied old Arlington, 'would, I fancy, lead to little but the loss of your life. We who are accustomed to such jobs often find it dangerous.' The generous ardour of the son had diffused itself over the party. A robust young man offered to be the forlorn hope, and was lowered down into the pit.

" Fancy young Ashford standing amidst the howling of the storm, and fall of snow, glancing his anxious eye through the torch light, to catch a sight of his father's corpse. Not a human voice was heard; in a quarter of an hour the signal was given. The men applied their strength to the ropes; something approached the surface; Ashford shot an eager glance; 'Heavens,' he exclaimed, 'it is my father, and he fell on the body.'

" The child was wrapt in the father's coat, and the father consequently had only his waistcoat on. Next his skin was the letter

Captain Burford had given him. In the agonies of departing consciousness he had thrown his arms round his child's body, pressing his lips to his own. The grasp of death is firm, it was difficult to separate them.

"Every thing was tried in Arlington's cottage, to restore animation, but without success. The bodies were carried upon poles that night to the Woodman's Cottage.

"I need not paint to you the distraction of the mother on witnessing the corpse. I need not describe to you the grief of the boys, nor the tender sensibility of the daughters. He was the most tender of fathers, and they the most virtuous of children. Their sorrow was therefore deep and lasting. I attended poor Ashford to the grave, and his corpse was followed by the neighbourhood, for though they had mocked his poverty, and called him the Woodman, they bore towards him unfeigned admiration and love. The tomb which is erected to his memory, in our Church, was put up by my direction, and at my expense."

PART II.

" So thoughtless and inconsiderate an animal is man in prosperity, that although the natural consequences of an occurrence may be inevitable misery to a fellow creature, he never draws the conclusion, unless it is presented to his senses or brought home to his bosom by some effect it may be likely to have upon his own gratifications ! Will you believe it, Mr. Hamlyn, that after following poor Ashford to the grave, I soon mixed in the lively scenes of life. I never called to console his widow or to cheer his unfortunate family. It was but too evident that the cottage had been with difficulty supported by the good management and incessant toil of the late parent, and that misery and want must be the necessary consequence of losing his labour and superintendance. This obvious and distressing truth never struck me, although the scene of the amiable family around their winter-fire often formed the subject of my meditation.

I trust I have some humanity, and if such culpable inattention to the misery of others could disgrace my conduct, what are we to expect from the cold, selfish, and heartless masses of which the greater part of life is composed.

"I would flatter myself that my standing at that time for the county, my entering into active parliamentary duties, and the calling out of the county militia might extenuate my unfeeling thoughtlessness and insensibility; they would plead my excuse with the world, for the world finds little difficulty in apologizing for the errors of the affluent and prosperous. But, to my conscience, these are no excuses: one hour of the many thousands I have since passed in listless inactivity, or in the insipid follies of fashionable life, one of these wasted hours bestowed in attending to the widowed and orphan sufferers of Ashford would have saved a human existence, and, what is of infinitely more consequence, would have saved to a large and virtuous family nearly three years of cheerless poverty and protracted affliction.

"It was in the month of July, I was strolling over our mountains, for the sake of their

coolness and sublime scenery. It was exactly the day two years and seven months I had been saved from the night storm by the hospitable Woodman. The cottage was about two hundred yards below me, its smoke curling round the trees which o'ershadowed its roof. Its beautiful appearance interested me, and ten thousand recollections with their kindred sympathies rapidly swelled my bosom.

"I pensively approached the cottage; its grounds bore marks of bad cultivation and misapplied labour; their beauty and former luxuriance were no more. I tapped at the door, there was no response; I thought of the night when my host ushered me into his cheerful family circle. I now entered the room in which I had then been refreshed, but how changed its appearance! it was clean, but the paintings which decorated the walls, with the exception of one, were removed. The piano was not there, in short, nothing was in the room but a small deal table, two old chairs, and some logs of wood which appeared designed to answer the purpose of seats.

"I passed into the other room, and beheld the mother and the whole of the family employed in various offices of domestic drud-

gery. I involuntarily shrunk back, and my presence evidently revived the most bitter recollections in the family. How shocking an aspect every thing bore; the room was as destitute of furniture as the preceding; the children were ragged, pale, and emaciated. Mrs. Ashford and myself stood for some minutes motionless, and gazing on each other with mute and afflicting earnestness. With a faint and faultering voice she at length broke silence. 'Mr. Williams, I believe, I hope, Sir, you are well.' My feelings rose, and with a tone and manner which levels all petty distinctions, and which nothing but the deepest feelings can create, I seized her withered hand, and pressing it to my lips, I exclaimed, 'My dear lady, my heart is too full of self reproach to ask your sad fate, but it is unnecessary to speak; the eye tells but too plainly the measure of your sufferings; let my present intentions atone for my past oblivion of you: tax me not with inhumanity, do not reproach me, I——'

" 'Alas, Sir,' said she, 'of what can I reproach you. I had no claim on you for relief.' This was her modest humility, but my conscience made me feel it as the most cutting

satire. 'Yes, thou suffering pattern of every excellence, if I have one human feeling in me, you have every claim, and claims which shall be satisfied. The wretched have natural claims on the prosperous, and you, dear lady, have your's increased by many individual circumstances. Let us forget the past, and'—'Can I, Sir, forget the past;' nature could no longer be restrained, she burst into a flood of tears; was I unmanly to weep with her?

"It was long before her poor emaciated form could be restored. Her beauty had entirely fled, her fine features were long and thin, and her cheeks hollow, wrinkled, and pale. Her sunk eye had lost its lustre, but it yet bespoke a superior mind; and the deep expression of sentiment and sorrow which o'erspread her countenance, was in unison with the faint and melancholy voice, and the humble gentleness of her manner.

"'And now, Mrs. Ashford, give me the means of showing you that I have a generous spirit, a heart capable of disinterested and tender emotions. Impart to me your fate; is it too much for me to hope you will intrust to my confidence the mystery of your condition?'

" 'The time, Sir, is come, when I must impart to somebody if not the mystery, at least the misery of my present state. I knew, Mr. Williams, your charitable intentions towards my afflicted children, but do not imagine I am capable of preying upon your generosity. The institutions of my country have provided asylums for the reception of the pauper, and there,' said she with firmness, 'must I go for relief: the ungenerous will not relieve me, and I cannot trespass too far on the bounty of the generous. If, Mr. Williams, you wish to know my history, I can impart it to you, but it is a sad and a long tale, a tale of the brightest hopes crossed by the worst of misfortunes. I thought of going to the grave with my story undivulged, untold even to my children, for why should I intrust to parish dependents the knowledge that they have ancestors recorded by the herald.

" 'My husband,' and here the large tear stood glistening in her eye, 'had an unerring insight into character. He often, Sir, has mentioned you in terms of great esteem, of admiration; and if he had lived to inherit his estates, I know that he would have made efforts to form with you the strictest friendship. It is

but a confidence in my husband's judgment to impart my sorrows to you, and I stand now alone in the world, isolated and poor.

"That gentleman, whose friendship you were pleased so earnestly to seek, and whom the rustics in derision, called the Woodman, was the eldest son of Sir Ashton Beever. His father was of a moderately good family in one of our southern counties; but he had acquired immense wealth in London as a merchant corresponding with the West Indies. He was a sensible, and a liberal minded man, but as soon as he began to grow rich, one ruling passion seized his soul, it was the desire of a peerage. He purchased large tracts of land near the place of his nativity, and in fact became the richest man in the county. Although in sentiment a determined whig, he had sacrificed his conscience by aiding the government in order to obtain his baronetcy, and the further honours he aspired to.

"Contiguous to his property, lay the estates of my father. The head and representative of one of the oldest, and I may add, of the poorest earldoms in England. His pride of birth was beyond any thing strong; it absorbed every

passion of his soul, and pedigree was the endless subject of his discourse.

"The intimacy of Sir Ashton Beever and the Earl of Carlingford, was convenient to both parties. The baronet was always anxious to be seen in the society of the peerage, and with my father, it is supposed that he paid for his silly vanity by pecuniary loans which the earl could never discharge. The families were therefore inseparably intimate, and my late husband and myself were brought up together from our earliest youth.

"Sir Ashton's pride would not let his eldest son engage in traffic, but as his counting-house was a source of great revenue to him, he brought his second son up to be a merchant, and gratified his eldest son's predilection for the army, for which his fine military figure and bold cast of genius eminently qualified him.

"He bought him a cornetcy in a regiment of heavy dragoons, which was then about to leave England on a foreign expedition.

"I need not tell you that, brought up as we were from our tenderest years in association, and with our tastes and minds of a kindred cast, an affection would naturally be formed

between us. Many of our studies, our sports, our exercises were together. The baronet's vanity led him to wish a union between his son and myself; and as to my father, he apprehended nothing from this youthful union, for he never dreamed the possibility that the eldest daughter of the house of Carlingford could condescend to love the son of what he privately called a 'vulgar merchant, whose elevation had prostituted the baronetcy.'

"I was then almost too young to love, and the affection between us was considered by our other relations as merely the light attachment of childhood, which chance had formed, and which absence would easily destroy.

"At the time Mr. Beever received his commission, and with orders to join his regiment, he was in his nineteenth year, and myself in my sixteenth. His approaching departure had cast over his spirits a seriousness, and had given me a melancholy which I had before been unacquainted with, and of which I was hardly conscious of the cause.

"I believe he would have gone to the continent without one word of love, but for one of those accidental occurrences which so often

decide the fate of mortals. It was a fine evening in June, and we had left the Earl and Sir Ashton at their wine, and the ladies in the drawing-room, to enjoy the cool evening in the walks of the park. The next morning he was to proceed on his journey. Had we continued with the rest of the company, our parting might have been less tender.

"We had walked some time together without uttering a word. I was abashed and trembling, and my companion agitated and dispirited. At last with the playful and ingenuous gaiety of youth, I laughing, began the conversation. 'Why, Wilton, what a dull walk we have had. You are as serious as if you were going to fight in earnest. The enemy will take you for a Spaniard, if you look so grave in your uniform.

"Taking me by the hand, stopping, and looking tenderly and earnestly in my face, my assumed gaiety instantly vanished. I stood timid and trembling, and I knew not why.

"'And can I leave you, Emma, without emotion. We have been from our infancy united, and losing you, is tearing me from every thing dear to my heart. We are no longer children. I love you with all the purity of honour, with

the ardour of manhood. You have not entered yet into life, you cannot therefore form a comparison between myself and others; I will not, therefore, be so ungenerous as to expect from you a pledge of preference, a promise of love. I will not take advantage of your youth. But, oh! my Emma, I am very unhappy at parting from you, let me at least beg you not to yield lightly your preference of me; and let me assure you, that my heart shall never love any other object than yourself. Accept this pledge, my dearest Emma, make me but this promise; it will lighten many a tedious, relieve many a sad and gloomy hour, for sad indeed will be my heart when torn from you.'

"This generous speech, delivered with all the emphasis and contagious ardour of passion, awoke in me sensibilities, and a consciousness of an attachment I had before been unaware of. My age was that of generous feeling, of candour, and of truth—my love for him was virtuous; I had no feeling which modesty bade me conceal, and I frankly poured out to him the fervent feelings of my soul. We exchanged vows of unalterable love; and our promises were sealed with a kiss—oh, how different from the kiss which as children we had hitherto been

used to give at our daily meeting and evening separation. He took from his pocket a portrait, which he begged me to accept, and entreated me to give a miniature of myself, which had recently been taken by an artist in London.

"He set out next morning for the continent. I was pensive, and began to reflect that it was wrong to give any pledge of love without the consent of my father. This thought made me, for the first time in my life, feel something like a sense of guilt. But, alas, my father had never gained either the love or the respect of his children, by associating with us in kindness and affection. We were evidently in his eyes mere objects of family ambition. Seldom did he see us, and his voice was always that of haughty command. His chastisement of me was always severe, often unmanly—alas, I never knew the pleasures of an attachment to a parent. My own principles gave me but an awful sense of duty without the endearing tenderness of a child's attachment to a father.

"During two years of military service, my lover was once mentioned in the gazette for personal bravery and prowess, and once was he commended for having, by his presence

of mind and knowledge of movements, effected a retreat of a small and gallant band, which was assailed by overwhelming numbers of the enemy.

" I was taking my usual morning walk in our castle's park, at a very early hour, when I was startled by the sudden appearance of a gentleman in a military cloak. ' My Emma,' he exclaimed: I sunk with surprise, and he caught me in his arms. ' I have but ten minutes to stay with you. I have brought over dispatches from our general. The government has ordered me to expect their reply this night, and the intermediate four and twenty hours I have rapidly travelled this 200 miles to spend a few minutes with you. I ask you not to renew your pledge of love. I have confidence in your faith; but again, my dearest girl, I proffer the ardour of my heart to you. Oh, my dearest Emma, how often has my mind run over our infant sports and endearments; how often has your lovely image cheered my night watch and spirited the fatiguing march. This dear companion of my lonely tent,' fervently kissing my miniature, ' has been my charm in battle. Emma, in the thickest fight I have thought of

you and of your resemblance which hung next my heart.'

"One quarter of an hour was passed by us in this heaven of youthful affection. He kissed me to depart. I observed he looked very ill. 'I have travelled,' he said, 'day and night from Germany with my dispatches. I am fatigued and exhausted, but a few days rest will,' said he laughing, 'restore even my good looks.' 'And have you,' cried I, 'after such a journey, undertaken this long road merely to pass these few minutes in my company, and with the sad duty of retracing your steps as rapidly to your army.'

"'I have,' he exclaimed, 'indeed, and well have these few minutes repaid my toil. Be not uneasy for my appearance. A soldier who has done his duty in a winter's campaign, is never in good condition. The very hope of peace with you, my Emma, will restore my spirits and my strength. Let not any body know of my being here, for it is sadly against my duty to have blended thus the journies of love and of war. Adieu, my Emma; adieu, my ever dearest hope. Be happy in my absence. In a few months I shall avow my love for you

to my father—to your father. Adieu,—one kiss,—my dear Emma, adieu.'

"Avow your love to my father—so cruel, so stern, so unrelenting! This expression struck me as ominous; and often did it fill me with indescribable alarm, without my being able to trace my anxiety to any precise and definite cause.

"In six months Captain Beever's regiment returned to England, and I had again the pleasure of his company. His figure had become more set and manly, and his countenance by far more open and intelligible. A reserved sensibility was the characteristic of his manners, but he had the free and gallant air of a soldier with the easy grace of an elegant gentleman.

"The wild and sportive boy, was now the engaging Captain Beever, and his company sought after by every body of rank in the neighbourhood. My father's feelings were always cold and lethargic, nor had he ever evinced attachment to any human being—not even to his children. To the astonishment of his friends, he took a strong predilection for this young officer, and was always seeking his company. This was the more remarkable as

he had none of the vices of his profession. He neither swore, nor drank, nor played, all of which the Earl was much attached to.

"At length Captain Beever communicated to the Earl his attachment to his daughter. He spoke of the munificent allowance which Sir Ashton would settle on him in the event of such a marriage. My father received the proposal with his usual lethargy and unconcern. He refused his assent, coolly adding, 'that he had already betrothed his daughter to the Marquis de Vallois, a French nobleman of immense estates, who had seen her once at the court of St. James's.'

"'But, my Lord, surely the Marquis cannot be so lost to sense, to delicacy and honour, as to wish a union with a lady whose affections he has not even solicited. Nor can your daughter have any feelings of attachment for a nobleman whom she has seen but once at the ceremony of a court day.' 'Solicited, oh, there you are mistaken, he has solicited her affections of me both personally and by letter.' 'Good heavens, my Lord, is this the way in which the Marquis can hope to succeed with a person of Lady Emma's delicacy?'

"The Earl held the terms 'affection and

feelings,' as what they very often are, mere words which were only used by hypocrites to impose upon fools. In vain Captain Beever supported his suit with all the arguments of sense and noble feeling; in vain he urged his object with the warmth of generous passion. The fervour of poor Beever was in dreadful contrast with the cold insensibility of my father.

"'Captain Beever,' said Lord Carlingford, with the most easy indifference, 'let us not talk any more on this subject. Let us pass to the topics of the day.' And thus ended the conversation. My intercourse with my friend was put under no restraint by the Earl in consequence of this disclosure. For, the opposition of sentiment and love never entered into his thoughts, and his vanity, and theories of birth seemed to make him believe that there was some physical quality in the blood of his family, which would prevent their uniting with any but their equals. He was a despotic father, and never imagined that a child could hesitate to sacrifice herself to his mandate.

"Disappointment and opposition created in my lover energy and firmness of purpose; but they never roused him to violence or passion.

Two days after, Sir Ashton himself, in his superb and pompous carriage, drove to the castle to propose the marriage to the Earl.

"He was received in the library, but the folding doors being open, myself and my unhappy suitor were auditors of all that passed, although there were three rooms intervening between us.

"I sat trembling and alarmed, and Captain Beever was composed, his anxiety appeared to be occasioned only by my distress and agitation.

"He anticipated nothing favourable from such an interview, and had urged Sir Ashton to make the overture merely to satisfy my conscience that every thing had been done, which filial duty could render necessary.

"The purse pride of the merchant, and the heraldic consequence of the peer, were like the steel and the flint, from which nothing but fire could be elicited. But as the marriage was a darling object of Sir Ashton's ambition, we trusted that he would at least be temperate.

"'My Lord,' began Sir Ashton, 'I believe it is now nearly twenty years since our strict

union and friendship commenced; and I trust the bonds of alliance between our families are about to——'

"'Alliance, Sir Ashton. I am pleased with your acquaintance. I am under considerable pecuniary obligation to you, but it is out of my power——'

"'My Lord Carlingford, do not mention that subject. What I have this morning to propose to you, is of a nature to cancel every thing of this sort. I know you appreciate the fine character of my son, and he has begged me to call on you to——'

"'I am, really, much attached to your son, more so than I know how to reconcile to any principle, for all our tastes are different. The library, the arts, and the field, are his sources of amusement, and I have no great attachment to either. Wilton may have the talents, but he certainly has no disposition for the court or the cabinet, and as to the table, the gazette may pronounce his ability for despatching the enemy, but he is the most sorry fellow for despatching the claret I ever saw; and yet I like the fellow too.'

"'My Lord, Wilton has begged me to propose and to urge to your Lordship——'

"'Sir Ashton Beever, I am not ignorant of your object in calling. I perfectly settled every thing with Captain Beever. I suppressed my sentiments towards his proposals for my daughter, rather than hurt his feelings. I thought he would have valued my forbearance. I am surprised at——'

"'My Lord, Captain Beever is of warm feelings, and is exceedingly anxious that this arrangement should be made without delay; the pecuniary arrange——'

"'Sir, Ashton, I have already adverted to that subject. But my pecuniary connection with you, does not authorise the proposal, much less the pressing of such a treaty. You gentlemen of the city, think that pecuniary obligations level all distinctions. Sir Ashton, let us drop this subject, and continue our old intercourse.'

"'My Lord, I think this business better be finally settled now, that——'

"'Sir Ashton, I have really borne this longer than any peer of Europe but myself could bear it. I have patronised yourself and your son, and have admitted you to familiarity, and having borrowed some five and twenty thousand pounds of you, I received your son's

proposal with that lenity which becomes rank to evince towards aspiring and mistaken youth, but I am astonished that Captain Beever should have the arrogance——'

" 'My Lord, you get warm. What arrogance, Lord Carlingford, is there in a son of Sir Ashton Beever's, proposing to——'

" 'I wish not, Sir Ashton, any difference between us, and to stop the unpleasant conference, I must tell you, that I am not to be won from my duty by entreaty. I owe it to my ancestry, and I am resolved that Lady Emma shall marry one whose scutcheon will blend with that of the house of Carlingford.'

" 'Entreaty, Lord Carlingford! I use entreaty to no man. I come in deference to my son's affections and your daughter's merits. The Beever estates might, I think, be found convenient just now to the house of Carlingford. They are sufficient to brighten the shield of this affluent and *durable* peerage.'

"This was spoken in a tone of indignation and bitter irony.

" 'The Marquis de Vallois,' replied my father, 'has, I should imagine, as much wealth as any tradesman of London.' This was meant

to be given in a tone of equal satire, but passion interfered, and it fell short of its mark.

"This was the point on which we knew the parties could not agree. The mine was now sprung, and even decency seemed lost sight of in the dispute. They became violent, coarse, and vindictive; the Earl insulted Sir Ashton on the baseness of his origin; he, in his turn, reproached Lord Carlingford with his political apostacy, and with selling his conscience and perjuring himself by invariably voting for government for the sake of the paltry situations they bestowed on his family. He sneered at him for the meanness with which he had solicited pecuniary loans; and clenching his fist, he struck his breast with an impious energy, calling down God to witness that his son should never receive from him a shilling if he condescended to marry the daughter of a titled pauper.

"With these words he left the castle. 'Thank God,' said the Captain, 'his curse is only that I shall never receive his money. My Emma, I would not yield you for twenty times Sir Ashton's estates. *Your* father has uttered no curse.'

" 'O leave me,' said I, bursting into tears. 'This dreadful conversation sinks deep into my heart; Oh, Wilton, if you love me, quit my presence, leave me to wretchedness and despair. This is not a time to press your suit: hereafter we may meet under happier auspices. If you are wretched, you are not more so than I am.'

" 'By heavens I cannot leave you in this friendless state of affliction. I love you more, infinitely more than ever. My sword shall reach De Vallois's heart. Bid me not to fly. Can I leave you uncertain of your love; I will not quit the castle racked by tormenting doubts.'

" 'What doubts? Have I not sworn unalterable love to you. Is Emma's oath no bond of surety? Alas, Sir, you know but too well how much I love.'

" 'But, dear angel, these altered circumstances, were they not enough to create uneasiness. Oh Emma, renew that pledge of fidelity. Swear it again, seal it with one kiss, and promise me; swear to me never to marry that hated Marquis. Renew your oath, now that you know all the impediments to our union.'

" 'This I swear to you; but, Wilton, re-

member that a duel, legalized murder, can be no passport to my affections. Leave de Vallois to his own insignificance; and, be assured of this, that wherever thou art, whatever time may elapse, Emma is solely thine. Now let us part, and wait for happier times. Wilton, you are not yourself; you are infirm of purpose. Heavens, must I set you the example of fortitude; you lack in resolution; come, if you love me, rise equal to the occasion, and fly.' He embraced me with an air of distracted wildness. I shall never forget the last look he gave me. He left the castle.

"I could now no longer support myself. Mother I had none. I could not communicate my affliction to either of my sisters; their hearts were never in unison with mine. My brother was proud, and sympathized with my father's resolutions: nor would I make a confident of my maid. I cherished the secret sorrow in my wretched bosom, and lived nearly four months in a state of melancholy abstraction.

"It was in March that one morning at breakfast I read a paragraph in the newspaper, stating that the Marquis de Vallois had solicited and obtained from the court of

France the appointment of ambassador to England, and that he intended leaving Paris immediately. The paragraph added, in italics, that love and diplomacy were not always inconsistent."

"This last sentence spoke volumes to my heart; I knew the hour of my trials drew near, trials which I had neither art to elude, nor strength to support. I retired to my chamber to weep, and overcome with grief, I put on my cloak, that I might, by a walk in the air, recover my appearance sufficiently to avoid observation at the dinner table. I chose for my walk the garden, as it was not overlooked by the house, and at this time of the day nobody was ever in it.

"Hardly had I entered the furthest and most sequestered walk, when I picked up a card, with the printed name of Captain Wilton Beever. This was dropped to moderate my first emotions; in an instant Wilton himself was at my feet.

"We embraced tenderly; the scenes of our lives were revived in our imagination. We were long unable to speak. 'How found you entrance here,' said I, in astonishment. 'By the private key, which was my passport in

my happier days of youth. Do not think I bribed the gardener; I scorn to seduce the servant to betray his duty. But, Emma, our time is short, and I have much to say to you: waste not a moment, retire into this arbour, and let me divulge to you my plans.

"'I find, my dear Emma, life to be insupportable without you; I have made up my mind to fly my country if I should be so unhappy as to meet with your rejection, of what I now have to offer. You are aware that in action I saved the life of the Emperor's brother from the attack of two French cuirassiers. The German court has, in gratitude, offered me a rank, and employment in their service, flattering to the ambition even of a prince. Whether I again plunge in war, whether I accept this offer or not, depends on you, and on you alone.

"'My plans are not the dictates of passion; they are not the offspring of a romantic imagination; I have matured them well, I know what I am able to support, and I know I can carry them into execution, nor do I doubt your possessing equal firmness and constancy.

"'Of the 2000*l.* a-year, which my father has allowed me for my expenses, as his son,

I have saved nearly the amount of one year's allowance. I purpose selling my commission, and my many articles of absurd foppery and of expensive indulgence. I will rove through the romantic country of Wales, until I find a spot thoroughly secluded and beautiful; there will I purchase about a dozen acres, and build a convenient house; I will furnish it, and with the produce of my ground, and the remnant of my money, I could support retirement till my father's death should possess me of his immense entailed estates. You have infinite resources within yourself. The country would afford us numerous objects for the employment of our congenial pencils; you would have your library, your music, your maternal duties; I would build you a green-house and a hot-house, in which you might gratify your taste, and exercise your talents in botany: and can you, Emma, can you, for my sake, for ten long years, resign the splendid drawing-room, the magnificent opera, the brilliant circle of fashion, in which you are the star attractive of devotion from every thing young and gallant? Can you resign these things so dear to the heart of woman, and live with your Wilton a life of unattractive and inelegant

solitude? Oh, speak to me, for on your voice now depends the fate of him who must be for ever miserable or for ever happy.'

" 'If these things be so dear to the heart of woman as you assert, it is more than I know. They have never been dear to mine; fashion has never been attractive to me, and in resigning the gaiety and splendour you have so warmly painted, I should scarcely have the merit of making a sacrifice. The minds of women are more pliant to circumstances than the spirits of men. But could you, Wilton, forget the vanity, the dissipation, and pageantry of a military life. Could you resign that phantom of martial fame which, but six months ago, you were pursuing with such uncontrollable ardour? Could you forget your habits of expense, the enjoyments of the town, and resign all these to lead an ignoble life of rural solitude, and for my sake. Forgive my flood of tears, *I* could sacrifice, but men are not so constant in their principles.'

" 'Your doubts of my constancy wound me to the heart. When have I deserved this suspicion of my love?' he replied.

" 'I do not suspect you of inconstancy; it is not you I suspect, but it is human nature.'

" 'My habits, Emma, are decidely domestic, and my disposition you know to be retired. Rural nature has endless charms for me; with my books and philosophical instruments, with my flute and my pencil, and with my propensity to mechanical amusements, I should find an endless fund of enjoyment. My labour on my grounds would keep me in health, and the toil of the day being passed, your company in the evening would be my paradise. What charms to rear our children in virtue and in knowledge. When fortune smiled on us, and restored us to wealth, how we should enjoy the recollection of our past trials.'

" 'I have one insuperable objection, Wilton, I cannot fly in the face of my father's commands.' 'Oh let not that consideration influence you. Your father's attachment to me has been greater than he has ever evinced to any of his own children, even to you, my Emma. He has caressed me from my cradle, when all other objects on earth were held by him in indifference. He would soon be reconciled to our union, were he to know that it had already taken place.'

" 'Alas, Wilton, you little know my father's disposition, or hope and love have

solitude? Oh, speak to me, for on your voice now depends the fate of him who must be for ever miserable or for ever happy.'

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" 'Alas, Wilton, you little know my father's disposition, or hope and love have

blinded your better judgment. You know him to be inexorable; he would never forgive us; reflect upon his conduct to my unhappy mother, even on her death-bed, he—'

" 'Oh, name it not. Heavens! such a parent; a man so selfish and unfeeling. Are we then to be made miserable because by chance his forefathers, some centuries ago, had their names enrolled on parchment? Are we to be sacrificed to his unreasonable pride of regist... ancestry? Has he not been insensible ... parted for you had on him as his child?' ...e of residence.

" 'Him ...and to hold ms towards me could never sanction ...n of his ... of duty towards him. Speak not ...ord was alon... my father; he is old, and ... him it was cont... his child. If I do not este... by degrees, the ...s me love, and pity him. ... in order that I never be; I have already swo...venience, nor year shall ever make me marry any ... This is the utmost extent that my duty as a child will allow me to go. What subs... ...onfidence would you have in me, if your ac...ement of my hand was achieved by my violation of the most sacred of duties, by my perfidy to an only parent; she who betrays a father would

be treacherous to a husband. These would be your reflections when the fever of passion was moderated by time. I have given no pledge to my father not to marry you, but I know his objections, and nature for me has pledged obedience to his commands.'

"'His commands are, that you marry the Marquis de Vallois.'

"'There he exceeds his natural right over me.'

"'Can you argue so logically whilst I am torn by a thousand co[illegible] emotions. Ought not your heart [illegible] in unison with mine. Yes, y[illegible] man in every thing is s[illegible]. Oh, Emma, when I reflect u[illegible] childhood, artless, warm, but in[illegible] threw off the boy, and [illegible] in the fervent [illegible] tenderness; you [illegible] undisguisedly, [illegible] the flow of feelings, and exchange our fervid vows of mutual passion. Oh [illegible]s, [illegible]ma, you could seal those vows by a chaste yet fervent kiss, that first dear kiss of womanhood. Now you are cold, can sedately reason; now—now—but it is over. Emma, *all* is over with me, the game of life is

up, this week I cross the channel, and may this next campaign terminate my miseries. I use no reproach. Emma, farewell.'

"Need I say that I was unable to bear such a parting; that the dictates of reason yielded to the force of my feelings. I consented to be his wife, and for this first violation of duty to my parent, Wilton paid the forfeit of his life, and my lot must be that of misery and want.

"Wilton now took a most affectionate leave of me; he ... the purpose of seeking out a pla... , and I was to await his retu... yself in readiness to be the compani... ight.

"Captain Bu... e intrusted with his plans; to ... rived that I should convey, ... t simple of my apparel, ... exposed to inco... at the time of my escape ...

Captain Burford was to send the trunks to an inn in London, directed to a fictitious name, and they were to wait there the orders of his friend.

"It was not till a month after Wilton had left me that I was introduced to the Marquis

de Vallois. To my surprise, I found him an elegant and an accomplished nobleman, and if a lady's affections were disengaged, he, of all men, by *his* manners, was calculated to make an impression. But my heart was entirely another's.

"I positively refused to accept some magnificent foreign presents he brought me, and their value was so great, that the Earl, my father, was outrageous at my obstinacy. I thought it but humanity to repulse the assiduous attentions he paid me; and I was as cold and as distant to him as was consistent with good manners and the common decency of behaviour.

"De Vallois had too much good sense and acquaintance with life not to read my aversion to him, and he resolved to come to an explanation with me upon the subject. He had been so strongly assured by my father of my willingness to an alliance, that had not my behaviour been so decided, and so exceedingly marked, he could not possibly have conjectured even a possibility of his desires being frustrated.

"My father grew excessively severe, and even cruel in his behaviour towards me. He

threatened, if the approaching interview with the Marquis were not to his satisfaction, he would confine me for life in the western wing of the castle.

"One morning the Earl sent to announce that it was his pleasure to see me in the state-room. So pompous and unusual a message forboded me no good.

"As I entered, with a look in which I could read no one expression of feeling, he addressed me, 'Lady Emma, your marriage with the Marquis de Vallois is finally arranged for the 14th of September next. I have taken good care of your interests. One of the French princes of the blood will attend the ceremony, and give you away, and he takes upon himself the charge of providing for your first son. The King of France has expressed his gracious pleasure to honour his favourite minister with a dukedom, on the occasion of the marriage. You are fortunate in being the means of increasing the splendour of the house of Carlingford. Good morning to your Ladyship. The members of your family have communicated their intentions of congratulating you on your happiness.'

"This speech, with the manner in which it

was delivered, amounted to the burlesque, and would, from any other than a father, and under any other circumstances, have created laughter and ridicule, but to me its effects were too portentous.

" 'My dear father, let me say one word to you on the occasion.'

" 'Do not delay me, for I have an early appointment this morning.'

" 'But for five minutes. Can you sacrifice your Emma's feelings? Can you wish to ally me to a man I neither love nor can ever——'

" 'Pshaw, women are never very sensible, and at your age there is no holding rational discourse with them. Your mother, the Countess, used to distress me with this nonsensical jargon—feeling indeed. And as to love, child, if not loving the man be your only objection, there is not much difficulty in the affair. Why if want of love were to mar titled marriages, we should have the peerage extinct. Your notions are sadly low and vulgar. I suppose you can appear decently in company with your husband, and what more is required of you? The customs of France admit of privileges enough for your taste, I should imagine.'

" With this he left the room, and I was more

astonished and confounded by his apathy than even alarmed for the consequences of his conduct.

"I daily expected the interview with this French nobleman, and I had firmly resolved on the part I was to act. Week after week passed away, and this dreaded conference never took place. Soon, however, my surprise ceased, for an accidental circumstance exposed to me the secret machinery of the whole affair.

"The antique and high turrets, the long galleries and dark gothic arches of the western wing of the castle were my favourite resort. In these I was threatened to be confined, but, in fact, the place of my incarceration would have been congenial to my taste, and in complete unison with the tone of my feelings.

"In one of the lattices of a room, at the very extremity of a long and dismal arcade, I was sitting to enjoy the western breeze.

"The Earl and De Vallois entered the grounds, in earnest conversation. They began to pace to and fro beneath the window at which I was seated. I instantly withdrew my head, and I must confess I was mean enough to listen to what they had to say. My father's

manner was remarkably complaisant and insinuating. I thought I saw an expression of exquisite cunning in the face of the Marquis. The first words I caught were from the wily Frenchman.

" 'Allow me the honour to observe, my Lord, that it has been my misfortune not to be understood by your Lordship. My engagement, I believe, was, that your Lordship's incumbrances should be discharged, and the 12,000*l.* paid into your Lordship's bankers; but this, not in consideration of the honour of your Lordship's interference, but at the time of the completion of my hopes.'

" 'I am perfectly aware of that, my Lord Marquis, but your Lordship perceives that my orders have been given to Lady Emma, and that the day of marriage only waits the honour of your Lordship's determination. I have proposed the 14th of September to Lady Emma. But as this unpleasant affair presses so immediately on my convenience, your Lordship will oblige me by not delaying the order for the 12,000*l.* until the day of marriage.'

" Here the absurd ceremony and frequent prostitution of honourable titles were dropped.

It was a prostitution absurd, for it imposed on neither party. The conference now became more earnest and impassioned.

" 'To be candid, my Lord Carlingford, my feelings begin to be deeply interested. Lady Emma daily gains on my heart. But so far from her manner evincing the preference of me which you assert, I fear I can read in her looks and behaviour any thing but the attachment you assure me of.'

" 'Why, to be equally candid, my Lord Marquis, I must tell you that she is not insensible of your Lordship's personal merit, and my mandates would be obeyed, were it not for a hot-headed romantic dragoon officer, who has filled her head with such trash about honour, love, fidelity, and nonsense of this sort, that it has rather obstructed my views. If this plebeian fool were out of the way, in one month, woman-like, she would forget him, and in another she would be the wife of the Marquis de Vallois.'

" 'The affair then is simple enough,' said de Vallois, with a sardonic sneer.

" 'How so? my Lord.'

" 'You say that the fellow is fiery. I have

dependent gentlemen in my suit, who are the best swordsmen in Europe. He would take an insult, I suppose.'

"'That plan will never do. You remember Colonel Dennis O'Sullivan, who won so frequently the foils at Versailles. That gentleman used to take affairs of this sort off my hands for me. By mere chance Captain Beever discovered and defeated a well concerted plan which Sullivan had laid to carry off for me the orphan of a French officer who was killed in a forlorn hope, and had left his family to live, or rather to starve, on his paltry pension, and on the gratitude of his country. I would have made it worth the girl's while; Sullivan had concerted his scheme with great art and address, when that booby Captain Beever must interfere with his virtue and feeling.

"'The Irishman gallantly called him out, but the dragoon declined the challenge, forsooth, on religious grounds. He had behaved so well in many battles that this refusal to fight hardly hurt his character, but, in my opinion, when men make their public fame for valour a means of avoiding private contests, it is that, because, like ourselves, they have no great fondness for such dangerous affairs.

However, Beever exposed Sullivan's whole conduct by the press, and brought an action against him for endeavouring to provoke a duel. The poor Colonel was sentenced to three month's imprisonment, to find two sureties to keep the peace, and to pay 200*l.* to the king. The fellow had not two hundred pounds in the world, and the cursed fine came out of my pocket, or rather out of the pocket of Beever's father, for I am much in that ephemerist's debt. But what was worse for Sullivan, his character was ruined, and he could be of no further use to his patrons. He vowed revenge, and he way-laid Beever, in one of the morning rambles he used to take in the romantic scenery near Lisbon, where his regiment was at that time stationed. Sullivan was accompanied by De Lisle, his valet, whom you knew well as an excellent sword'sman. They met young Wilton Beever on the road. Their rapiers were quickly unsheathed. Beever flew and got his back against a rock. De Lisle pressed forward with a subserviency to his master, which he thought, from his skill, would be little dangerous. Their swords crossed. 'Stand back, De Lisle,' cried Sullivan, 'let my hand have its vengeance;' in an

instant De Lisle was dead at Beever's feet. Sullivan, far from intimidated, threw off his mask, and flew at the Captain with all the fury which the most deadly hate could inspire. He was met by the firmness of a better cause. 'Villain,' cried the Irishman, 'now take the punishment of your cursed interference.' 'Wretch,' retorted Wilton, 'tremble at impending judgment.' The fight was long and furious. Sullivan's exquisite skill enable him to wound his antagonist. Wilton's science and fearless intrepidity had the ascendant; in three minutes Sullivan was a lifeless corpse. I was glad of the fellow's death, for he knew all my secrets, and used to borrow of me money repeatedly, and which I was obliged to lend, or rather to give, in fear he should betray me, and which he was very capable of.'

" 'And well,' said the Marquis coolly, 'what has this long story to do with the affair. If Captain Beever falls our object is answered; if my champion is killed, why I must pay the fellow's funeral. Besides, if the Captain destroys his antagonist he must fly—it will therefore induce him to accept the advantageous offer which the Austrian government has made him in the army of Italy. The Ger-

man generalissimo is my intimate friend, and cannot I act the part of David, and put this young Uriah in the front of the battle. Who tells whether a shot strikes him from behind or from before.'

"'You have forgotten,' said Lord Carlingford, 'one little item in the account, which perchance may render your scheme hardly feasible. You have lost sight of the information that our hero's religious scruples only permit him to cut throats by the wholesale, with a red coat on. He will not fight a duel, and you may therefore save your champion the trouble of writing, sealing, and sending his invitation to be killed.'

"'But, Lord Carlingford, if by any means we can get this gentleman into the German service, I have my agents in Italy, and when young Beever arrives at the Austrian quarters, will he not be taking his morning rambles, through romantic glens and solitary paths. Can he parry a shot, or a stiletto from an unseen arm? None of the vile English prejudices exist in that country. There a paltry upstart csnnot plague and insult a person of rank. So far our difficulty is at an end. But where is this troublesome fellow?'

" 'Why nobody can learn. Some assert that he is making a tour of the Lakes in Scotland, some, that he is with a friend in Ireland, and others inform me he has been seen on the continent. There is no telling where he is, but I suppose he will make his appearance before long.'

" 'Well, my Lord, the danger and expense must not both fall on me, and I will confer further with you on the disposal of this wild son of Mars; and as soon as our first step is accomplished, you may rely on my liberality and readiness to meet your embarrassment. In the mean time, treat Lady Emma liberally. She is really a lovely creature.'

" 'But,' said my father, 'you have not spoken of my proposal, to connive at your running away with her. That will accelerate our agreement.'

" 'I fear that plan would not succeed—if it is to be tried, the sooner the better.'

" 'I will keep her in the western division of the castle, under pretence of punishment. That situation affords every facility for elopement.'

" 'Well,' said the Marquis, 'confine her

this night. If I am to run off with her, it must be done immediately. I can lay my train for taking her to France, but if it turns out that I am to await our plans as to Captain Beever, why, it can be at my intercession that you liberate the fair captive, and this will be a step in the ladder of love's promotion.'

"On this arrangement they withdrew to the house, leaving me petrified with horror.

"I trembled at the profligate villainy of the Marquis, and wept bitterly for the conscience of my father.

"For Beever I had no fears. In personal fight I knew he had nothing to apprehend, and as to the plains at the German army, I was entrusted with the secret of his refusing the appointment.

"But every thing seemed miserable for myself. That night, after receiving a cold lecture from the Earl, and the most unfeeling reproaches from my brother and my sisters, I was confined for the night in the very room from which I had overheard the morning conversation. It appears that de Vallois had that afternoon, on a further consultation with Lord Carlingford, resolved on immediately carrying me

off to France, and that the 12,000*l*. were to be paid to Lord Carlingford on the Marquis's landing at Calais.

"I was sitting in the chamber of my imprisonment, full of the most melancholy reflections, and pensively looking at the richness of the setting sun, which gilded the opposite hills, and threw its departing lustre on the gloomy front of the mouldering ruins—a large figure of a man, whose whiskers and mustachios bespoke him a foreigner, glided through the trees. He entered a small door in the northern extreme of the tower, as if he was familiar with the building. 'Good heavens,' I exclaimed, 'has this wicked wretch already employed his mercenaries to effect my ruin. Oh, could providence send my only friend, my Wilton, to save me from the blow which is meditated against my honour and his happiness.' Footsteps were heard along the gallery. They approached the door of my chamber. 'Oh, Wilton,' I exclaimed, 'where ought now to be your sword.' I endeavoured to reach the lock of the door, to exclude this ruffian, but my feet refused their office. I was too late, his savage figure entered, and I staggered to the table.

" Catching me with one hand round my wrist, with the other he threw off his cap, and his disguise of whiskers——

" 'What, my Emma, is it possible you could not recognise your Wilton, through this weak disguise. Did you not know me. I have been watching you these three hours.'

" ' And for heaven's sake, how could you enter the castle ?'

" ' Are not these the familiar haunts of our youth. In this disguise, I have been in the neighbourhood four days—nobody knows of my presence but Burford. Every evening have I spent in the cloister below, in the hopes of your visiting this favourite scene of our younger sports. Emma, I have come to claim you as my wife. All things are ready. The land is purchased and the house complete. Day and night have I toiled, inspired by love. I knew that the sooner the task was performed the sooner I should enjoy the heaven of your society. The cottage has arisen as if by magic —and it seems designed for the habitation of fairies. It is romantic and beautiful. The grounds are not complete in their design, they wait your better taste. And now, Emma, misery draws to a close. Hope is high—all is prepared—you must away with me to-night.'

" 'Not to-night. I cannot go so unprepared, at only a few hours notice.'

" 'Was not our last arrangement, that you should be ready at my first appearance? Danger presses on us. I have taken out our marriage licence; and a licence for Earl Carlingford's daughter to marry with Sir Ashton's son, will soon be abroad—we have therefore no time to lose. Burford, at one to-night, is to have his gig with his best horse, a hundred yards the other side of the turnpike, that passing the gate might not betray the direction of our flight. He is to act the groom, and is already dressed in character. At a town sixteen miles off, another horse of his is ready for a change. We are to be put down before entering the town, and to be taken up on the other side, so that if pursuit is made in that direction, all the intelligence they can gain, will be that a servant with an uncouth livery passed rapidly in a gig, but without any female companion. At thirty-seven miles off, we will walk four miles to break all connection of our route, when we shall fall into the high road at a time the mail from London will be passing. This will convey us to the house of Dr. Milner, an old collegiate compa-

nion, who, my dearest Emma, will unite us in marriage. At his hospitable vicarage we can remain, till we hear from Burford how our escape has effected our friends, and then proceed to our retreat.'

" 'But, my good Wilton, this sudden flight —this affair takes me so much by surprise, I cannot bring my mind to the proper point.'

" 'It is you now that lack in resolution. But what say you to eloping the night after to-morrow with my Gallic rival.'

" 'How could you know any thing of that.'

" 'Do not look so surprised—why you make me laugh to see your astonishment. Emma, I know all their plans,—whilst you were listening to the conversation between De Vallois and the Earl from above, I heard all they said from yonder archway. I watched your lovely countenance, and saw the numerous emotions of horror, disgust, and terror, with which you listened to their schemes; and now, my Emma, I can tell you more. I have since, in a similar manner, heard another conference between these two titled worthies. Four Frenchmen are at this moment living with old Foster and his son at the Lodge of the garden entrance, to effect the plan of car-

rying you off on Friday at midnight. So that you must not delay my schemes, or the sword is likely to be more used than the ladder.'

" 'Wilton, I am afraid that danger is near you. These, I suppose, are the very Frenchmen whom the Marquis described as the best of swordsmen. How shall we pass the gate whilst so many are in the lodge. Did you not hear their plan of getting rid of you by a duel?'

" 'I heard all their plans, and laughed at their impotence. If these be, as you suggest, the Marquis's gentlemen fighters, I shall, I think, out-manœuvre them to-night; or if it comes to the fight, my arm is as strong as my feet are swift.'

" 'All, my dear Emma, looks well. I will wait here till the turret clock strikes one; I know every crevice of the building, and can both avoid detection and escape pursuit. At one, then, I meet you at the end of the gallery leading to your chamber. And swiftly fly the next six hours.'

" That night I was ushered into my prison room by Madame Laronne, a woman who had been of the Marquis's household, but who, long engaged in my father's service, was now to be

my lady's maid, or in other terms, my spy. I undressed in melancholy silence, which Madame endeavoured to divert by all the easy gaiety and sprightly nonsense for which both her nation and her profession are celebrated. But I could not master my feelings sufficiently even to assume the appearance of composure necessary to assist my purposes.

"My French Abigail after putting me to bed, withdrew her coarse and masculine person to the chamber on the other side of a room reserved for my dressing-room. As this room intervened between our chambers, I thought I could dress and pack up my bundle without her hearing me, and glad was I, as one o'clock approached, to hear her snoring in a manner that would at any other time have discomposed my nerves had they been as sound as the nerves of a ploughboy.

"At length the turret clock struck the dreaded and yet wished-for hour. Rising and seizing my parcel, I approached the door, my hand had just turned the latch. My foot was o'er the threshold, when a heavy arm was laid on my shoulder. I screamed, and turning round, beheld Madame Laronne.

" 'Ah, mee ladee, I did watch you. You did think me a snore. I thought you was go to run.'

" 'Mercy, good woman. Have pity on a deserted creature. Aid my escape from dangers as great as ever assailed a lady's safety; for the love of heaven have mercy, conceal my flight.'

" 'Yes, I will have mercy to tell a mee Lord; stay one bit, I will call to de hut, dey shall come to you.'

" 'Oh, do not betray me, do not expose me. In pity save me; on my knees I implore you to let me go.'

" 'Yes, I will ring de grand bell. I will scream to my compaynions in the jardin hut. I will scream, hoa—'

" 'Peace, babbler,' cried a hoarse voice, and Wilton's hand was immediately on her mouth.

" 'Oh, Wilton,' I exclaimed, and sunk upon the ground; he raised and restored me.

" 'I heard what passed, and flew to your relief, and now, Madame Laronne, one word of alarm, and I sheath my tremendous sword in your monstrous bosom, and gratify my horrid thirst of vengeance.'

"This bombast terrified the French amazon into submission. 'Oh, Monsieur, have some gallant tour de compassion for de gentle sex. Misericorde.'

" 'Yes,' cried he, 'you had much misericorde for that gentle suffering creature,' all the time cutting down the bell ropes and curtain cords.

" 'And now, my lady duenna,' said he, with a sort of ironical composure, 'I must be so ungallant as to tie your feet together, and your hands behind your back,' and this he did, whilst she was uttering supplications which really made me pity her.

"And then taking her up in his arms, he fastened her to a stone pillar at the end of the corridor.

" 'Adieu, Madame Laronne, you may perhaps find it sometimes dangerous to be busy. And now you have perfect freedom to scream in any language you may please, and as loud as those hoarse lungs of your's will admit; and if you make yourself heard, you must have a voice little less than a nine pound field piece. Come, Madame, faites du bruit.'

"As soon as this woman saw no mischief was intended towards her, she set up the most

violent abuse of us in broken English, hardly intelligible. 'Ah!' cried she, 'de French sword will reach your coquin heart before you do pass de garden.'

"These words were not to be despised. They made me tremble.

"'We must pass,' said Wilton, 'by this side of the garden. How unfortunate, the windows of the hut are open, and the Frenchmen with their English companions are carousing. Emma, we must stoop low, so that they do not see us go by the windows, stoop lower—hush—tread softly. The dog growled. Lie down, Sir, he does not know me.' The animal gave one bark, in an instant Wilton's sword transfixed his heart.

"'Poor creature, how he writhes.' 'Hush! Emma, 'twas a deed of necessity. I am sorry for it. I thought the animal would have known me. Rest behind this tree, whilst I undo the gate. Let not even your breath be heard.'

"The bolts and the lock of the massive gate yielded easily and without noise; but there was a heavy iron bar, and in undoing this, it struck against the door post.

"Wilton glided back to the tree; he caught

me by the arm. I was sinking to the earth. The voices in the hut ceased, in order to listen to the noise; his sword flew from its scabbard.

" 'Wilton, let me not be the motive for your committing murder.'

" 'Hush, madam, for heaven's sake leave all to me. I am equal to the crisis. My sword spills no blood but in defence of my life or of your innocence.'

" 'But——'

" 'Hush, Emma, I say it was heard; they are listening, tread lightly, hold your breath, No, leave the gate ajar. Now run; go softly past the turnpike gate. Burford, Wilton. Get into the gig, Lady Emma. We are safe, and God be thanked.'

" 'Walk the horse for half a mile,' said Captain Burford, who sat behind on the rail of the gig in livery, 'and then make all sail, for we shall be chaced.'

" 'Burford, you have a bad bargain of it; ten to one I break your neck from that unlucky seat of yours, and if I only break your horse's neck, I could not return you a donkey in exchange. I always found you a sad officer, but I see you make an excellent groom.'

" 'But, Wilton, is there any danger of your

neck in another way. Your sword, I saw, was bloody. Did you kill one of those French dogs.'

" 'No, 'twas an English dog, I killed.'

" 'Good heavens, I am sorry for that. Not that old fool the gardener, I hope.'

" 'No, 'twas the gardener's assistant, who was set to watch the grounds, and who was within an ace of giving the alarm.'

" 'What, his son, I suppose; that stupid dog, Harry.'

" 'No, nor was it his stupid dog Harry; but to ease thy Christian fears, in a word, it was his clever dog, Towzer.'

" 'Pshaw, Wilton, attend to your driving, for we are going at a devil of a rate. It is lucky for horses that runaway matches are not frequent.'

" In this manner did they joke, for the purpose of keeping up my spirits. But neither the tenderness of Wilton, the spirited gallantry of his friend, nor the facetiousness of both could prevent my being downcast and sorrowful.

" I felt strongly the indelicacy of being thus unprotected in the company of men; and although I knew Wilton to be honourable, and

myself resolute and virtuous, I now saw that my situation was one in which a sensible woman would never trust herself.

"In three hours we were seven and thirty miles from Carlingford Castle.

"'And now,' said Burford, 'here you had better stop, walk between three and four miles and you will come to the main road, and fall in with the mail from London.'

"'Remember, Burford, that at Dr. Milner's I am the Rev. Mr. Barrington; In Wales, I am Farmer Ashford. And now, my dear friend, adieu; and believe me, Burford, I shall never forget your generous friendship, and the obligations you have imposed on me.'

"'Lady Emma, do relieve your husband from his dreadful weight of obligation to me, by bestowing on me a parting kiss. Nay, but it is my privilege as a bridegroom. There, Wilton, your debt is paid. My friends, God bless you, remember my heart is ever yours. Adieu.'

"We arrived at Dr. Milner's at about seven, just as he was entering his garden, to take his morning walk in his night-gown and slippers.

"'Why, Captain Beever, I am happy to see you, but what could have brought you to

this out of the way place at such an hour. Travelling all night, I see; but who is that interesting young lady, your companion; she seems in great distress. I hope, Beever, that the example of a dissolute camp has not made you forget the moral restraint you practised at college.'

"The suspicion which these words conveyed shocked my delicacy, but I felt that I had brought them on myself by my engaging in a scheme repugnant to every principle of feminine duty and prudence.

"They retired to a bye path, and were in earnest conversation for more than half an hour. The fact is, that Captain Beever found considerable difficulty in prevailing on his friend to marry us under the circumstances of our case. He at last, however, succeeded, and before breakfast I was married, in the presence of the Doctor's wife and sister.

"Of course we were married by our own names, but the witnesses were bound to secrecy; and the ceremony over, before the servants, we were Mr. and Mrs. Barrington.

"We remained at the hospitable vicarage ten days, and on the eighth day of our visit we

received a letter from our friend, it was in these words:

"My dear Wilton,

"I breakfasted at the Castle on the morning of our stratagem. At eight, just as we were sitting down to table, came in Madame Victoire Laronne, with a face which would have made the Thames turn to lemonade. She told his Lordship the whole story, and bestowed many an epithet on yourself and Lady Emma. His Lordship, so far from passion, or ordering pursuit, laughed most immoderately at the duenna's condition. He dropped a hearty curse about some money, a 12,000*l.*, which I did not understand, and then ate his breakfast à l'ordinaire, and since which he has neither mentioned your names, nor, I believe, given either of you a thought. We might have spared my horses, and the risks which we run of breaking our necks.

"I was present when Sir Ashton received your letter. He was deeply affected for a few minutes, and reiterated his oath, that during his life you should never receive a sixpence from him; and dwelt much on your assuring him of your change of name, and of your reso-

lution not to sully the family title. He wished you happy, and appears since to have thought nothing of the affair. I can give you news. Sir Ashton has announced that he is immediately to be created Earl of Argentfield, and so thou, Rev. Mr. Barrington, and farmer Ashford will be no less a man than Lord Viscount Beever. The baronet is over-joyed.

"What think you of my rascally agent, he threatens an immediate arrest and execution, so that whilst you are flying to the west for love, I fear I shall be flying all round the compass for debt. My affectionate remembrance to Lady Emma. A long adieu to you.

"C. Burford.

"We remained ten days with Dr. Milner, and then left his house, taking every precaution to conceal, even from him, the direction of our journey. The Doctor and his family were, indeed, free from that meanness which could induce them to enquire into what their friend would wish to conceal.

"In eight-and-forty hours the stage brought us to the town of ——, where we hired a servant, and in a post-chaise we travelled the remaining thirteen miles, to the village at the

foot of our hill, and I remember perfectly your noticing my husband at the door of the inn.

"And how I have lived from that day to the fatal hour of poor Wilton's death, you are well aware of. Never, I believe, were two people more thoroughly happy. Nature made us for each other; with similar tastes, sentiments, and feelings, we possessed good temper, good sense, and an affection for each other, which heightened every joy, and overcame or moderated every evil of life.

"That fatal night, Mr. Williams, in which you were received into our cottage, and seemed so much to enjoy our humble fire-side; that fatal night, or rather the next morning, at our cheerful breakfast table, you may remember my jesting on the period being so full of events. Alas! alas! little did I think that in less than twelve hours my husband and my child would be lifeless and cold.

"Captain Burford's letter, that fatal morning, brought us the news that we were on the very eve of prosperity. That fatal letter was the occasion of every misery. We were on the very threshold of wealth, of power, of grandeur, and title. In one day the cup of

bliss was dashed from our lips, and from a joyful wife, and happy mother, I became a friendless widow, and my children unprotected orphans.

" Oh may Providence ordain that never more may mother have to support the wretchedness of seeing her children droop and die for want.

" I have got from my bed without the means of giving my children their morning meal. I have seen them fierce and ravenous from hunger, picking with greediness the smallest crumbs off the table. Oh, I have seen the expression of their little starving faces, their supplicating looks. I have heard their cries, and dare not ask the cause, and bid them to be pacified. I have seen, oh God, I have seen my child die for want!

" Here she wrung her hands, and hid her face for some time in her lap.

" But why need I tell you all the consequences of poor Wilton's death?

" I begged her to proceed.

" My sons, she continued, toiled in their field with redoubled energy, but neither their knowledge or experience were equal to their

father's, and the produce of our ground began sensibly to decrease.

"Every superfluous article of our furniture was gradually sold. I could not make my wants known; it was the same as begging. I wished also scrupulously to avoid every thing that would have hurt my honoured husband's feelings, had he been alive.

"At length hunger, pressing hunger, the most urgent of all human wants, became our daily suffering. Every article of convenience, and at length of necessity, was parted with, to preserve our existence. And I know not how we supported our sufferings, but ere the last bitter winter was over, our last bed was sold.

"Shall I conceal it for the honour of human nature, or shall I expose that even under these dreadful wants, for the relief of which it was known that our comforts were disposed of, even under these afflicting circumstances would the purchasers abate me in my demands, and take advantage of my wretchedness to obtain my furniture at one quarter its real value.

"A few pictures were the last things I reserved. They were the joint efforts of my

husband and myself, and they were in series, from the first feeble lessons of our childish studies to the view we had taken in the close of the autumn preceding his death, and to a historical piece with which we had solaced the winter mornings of that fatal year.

"Two pictures yet remain, those crayon heads in plain gilt frames; they seem to mock the poverty that surrounds them. Alas! Sir, they were done by the hands of that dear child, who is now no more, and they never leave me. Would not the world despise me for retaining such objects, when my very bed was disposed of to supply my hunger? What, Sir, is human nature, where we have no principle above the wants of sense.

"I enquired whether the drawings were done by that mild and interesting young lady whom I had seen amusing herself with the pencil when I was entertained at the cottage.

"They were done, Sir, by that good and unfortunate creature whose mild virtues no pen can justify. She was my second daughter, and her sensibility made her feel for my misfortunes, and the sufferings of her family, more than any of the rest.

"Privation, want, and insufficient cloth-

ing, at length aided the sympathies of her mind, in affecting a constitution which was, by nature, delicate, and which, at her tender age, required peculiar care. That most cruel of all diseases, consumption, began to exhibit its unerring enmity. The poor creature, unconscious of her fate to the last, found her strength decline, her nights sleepless from cough, and her days helpless from disease. She became so weak that, unable to stand, she was lifted by me up and down the staircase.

"Picture to yourself the wretchedness of a mother watching the gradual and certain death of this lovely girl, knowing that her care and attention must be followed by her daughter's loss, and could hardly mitigate suffering, or even delay the catastrophe. The apothecary was kind enough to attend the case gratis, but though I believe a liberal and a good man, the attendance was, what gratis attendance always is, uncertain in time, the visits short, and the questions few, and now and then put with a hurry, or a peremptory manner, which told us but too plainly of our obligation. This the poor suffering creature bore with great resignation. Such mildness,

such modesty, such a thankfulness for all that was done for her, such a fear of giving trouble, so much concern for the comfort of those around her, she exhibited during all her sufferings, and won the hearts of every body.

"Just when the poor creature approached the last crisis, she declared, with a voice that pierced the hearts of those who knew the sad secret of her approaching fate, that she believed her complaint only required exertion to throw it off, and she requested me to let her go out. I did all in my power to dissuade her, but in vain, and I at length gratified her desire. The walk out was repeated the next day, but the next, she reposed in that bed from which she never rose. Three melancholy days, and sleepless nights, I passed by her pillow, internally weeping, but concealing all outward show of grief. On the morning of the third day the hand of death was on her, her extremities began to get cold. I was watching her sleep when, starting suddenly, as from a dream, her fine black eyes, full of wildness, were thrown round the room with a dreadful expression of terror and alarm. 'I can't get breath,' she exclaimed, in a tone—oh, shall I ever forget that voice. 'I will

give you breath,' cried I, with broken sobs, fanning her for air. She fell again into a mild and placid state, like a reposing angel; opening her beautiful eyes, she stretched out her emaciated arm, and feebly grasped my hand, giving me a look so full of tenderness, of affection, and of thanks—Oh, it was more than nature could bear, it racked my heart; I hid my face in the bed-clothes, to conceal my grief. This was the last look she ever gave; The last time her dear eyes were ever opened in this world. 'Hold my head a little higher,' said she, in a tone which spoke all the sweetness of her disposition. Her heart was getting cold, her breathing feeble. I wetted her dear mouth with tea, the sigh murmured on her lips, it trembled in her throat. My ear was to her mouth, listening for one more sound, it came not, my Eliza was dead. Was her last sigh an effort to speak love and consolation to me? Oh God, my affliction, but why renew my griefs; why relate these things to you, you cannot sympathize with me. Mothers themselves forget these scenes; oh wicked mothers.

" 'But *I* never can forget such a scene, I do sympathize with you, most injured lady, I

feel for you at every pore; every pulsation of my heart beats for your griefs.'

"That night I distractedly watched over the dead; I wept over the corpse for one week. On her birth-day, that day on which the lovely angel would have completed her twentieth year, I bore her body to the tomb.

"And now, Sir, all things are indifferent to me, the measure of my grief is complete, the cup of my sufferings is full to overflowing, and sorrow has wrought in me an apathy to life. I go to the parish receptacle for the wretched, where kindred are torn asunder, where the babe is snatched from its mother, taken from its natural nurse, to be neglected, beaten by a hireling. My child," said she, clasping her youngest infant to her breast, and burying her face in its neck, 'in four-and-twenty hours we part; I shall see you once a week, as a matter of indulgence, the work-house regulation. Oh God, my children, what shall I do?"

"'Never, dear Madam, shall you be separated from your children on such terms. Look up to happiness, all your trials are over. I am an instrument in the hands of Providence, sent for your relief, and blessed am I in the

appointment. Your liberation is at hand. convert your sorrows, your fears, into joy and hope.

" 'Tell me, dear Lady Emma, did you not, in your distress, apply to your relations, or to the family of your husband?'

" Alas, Sir, my first hope was in Captain Burford, from whose open heart, and affection for my husband, I had reason to expect every thing generous and good. But, as if all things conspired to complete my ruin, our friend lost his life, three days after he parted from my husband. He was wrecked in the packet in which he was proceeding from Holyhead to Dublin. The estate, in quest of which he lost his life, devolved to the heir at law, a petty tradesman of Dublin; and thus, by the operation of the natural causes of the creation, did two worthy men lose their existence, on the very brink of happiness; a sordid creature was capriciously raised to wealth, which his former habits and ideas rendered only an incentive to profligacy, and I and my children have been the sufferers of all I have related to you.

" I applied to my brother, the present Earl of Carlingford, and received a courtly letter,

declining to give any assistance. From my sister I received the most vindictive reproaches, to what she called a person who had chosen her own lot, and who, by disobeying her parent, had brought the house of Carlingford into the disgrace of an exposure of the late Earl's pecuniary obligations to an upstart rival. She added, 'that the late Earl had cursed me with his dying breath, and had forbidden any of his children to assist me.' My chief hope lay in the present Earl of Argentfield, who, brought up in brotherly love to my husband, would, I thought, have felt the miserable condition of his children. But cruel was my disappointment from this quarter; here I expected sympathy, as well as benevolence, what were my feelings when I read his answer to my letter. He said 'he regretted that his late brother had been so deistically inclined, but that it had pleased God, by his special providence, to cut him off from the land, ere he had irreclaimably taught his children to neglect the religion of the Lord; that he hoped my misfortunes had opened my eyes to the true faith, and that feeling as well for my worldly distresses as for my spiritual comfort, he authorized me to call on the Rev.

Mr. Whitaker, who was requested, as a labourer in the vineyard, to exhort me to righteousness, and that I might, in his Lordship's name, request of that spiritual pastor the sum of *5l.*' He added, 'that my late husband had never, during his residence in Wales, been seen in the parish church; he supposed that I had no bias in favour of the establishment, and that therefore in returning to the right faith, I could more easily attach myself and children to Mr. Whitaker's spiritual doctrines.'

"My distresses, or rather the distresses of my dying child, obliged me to accept of this wretched unfeeling gift; but I had sense enough to anticipate, and soon had reason to know, that this reverend gentleman was not the sort of pastor who could make religion the united result of reason and the heart. With him, at least, religion was a union of imagination, prejudice, and hypocrisy. This creature bestowed upon me the five pounds, with an accompaniment of a most long and tedious jargon of exhortation, in which he had the indelicacy to insult the memory of my much loved Wilton; who, he added, was now in fiery torment for his disbelief in the Gospel. Unfeeling as this speech was, the latter part

at least excited in me only pity for the mistaken enthusiast, who could entertain such sentiments of the Deity. Five days before my child died, our all of provisions were exhausted. I applied again to the Rev. Mr. Whitaker, and painted to him the dreadful state of my family, particularly of my dying daughter. I could wring from him nothing, but he bestowed on me the most virulent reproaches that his exhortation had not wrought on me the fruit of repentance."

"'And now, my dear madam, let me at once remove your apprehensions, by assuring you that I see a certainty of your wants being relieved, and I am not without hope, that you may yet move in a sphere of life approaching to what your birth entitles you to. I must assume all the privileges of a brother with yourself, and of a father with your children. You are at this moment, I am shocked to perceive it, in want even of a meal; take this purse, its contents will supply the necessities of the day, and ere long I will be with you again. I will not have one word of thanks; and if you look so grateful, so humbly up to me, I shall feel that you consider me not as a tender and affectionate brother, but as a

mere bestower of a gift. Moderate your excess of joy, but be happy till I return.'

" 'Can I,' she replied, 'be otherwise than joyful; one hour ago, I was bewailing the most bitter of all my pangs, the separation from my children, oh, can this dreaded suffering be spared me: all other considerations are indifferent.'

" I returned home, and ordered several of my rooms to be dismantled, and their contents put into two carts, and driven to the cottage. I sent them beds, with their appropriate furniture, sufficient in number and quantity for the accommodation of the family. How many human beings, thought I to myself, are nightly doomed to sleep in the streets, nearly naked, drenched with rain and shivering with the cold, wanting those repellants of weather, which a full stomach, cheerful heart, and their concomitants of health and strength afford; how many such unfed houseless wretches, shiver in the night blast, whilst within the sound of their very groans, are rooms and beds unoccupied, kept perhaps for the caprice of wealth, or the insolence of pride.

———— ———— 'Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.'

"I procured from the county bank fifty pounds in small notes, lest changing a large sum might expose these worthy people to the gossip and observation of their neighbours. But even with these precautions, the extent of my services were soon fathomed by the searching curiosity of the neighbourhood. Could I have done less for these people without outraging humanity. Did not every motive which could give my bosom peace on earth, or hope in futurity, dictate what I had done. And yet, improbable as the story may be, there were wretches wicked enough to propagate, and foolish enough to believe that my charity arose from the vilest of views towards this afflicted and widowed lady.

"I accompanied my furniture to the cottage, reflecting that it would now be as well supplied with comforts as in the life time of its former excellent master. How happy was I in the reflection, that this poor emaciated creature would that night enjoy the luxury of a comfortable bed—would enjoy the ten fold greater luxury of seeing all her children possessed of the same convenience. The enjoyment heightened infinitely by its contrast with their former privation.

"I will not attempt to describe the astonishment, the joy, the gratitude which beamed in their eyes as they beheld the extent of my consideration for them. It was mixed, I saw in their looks, with a sense of mortification and shame at their being the objects of charity. I did and said every thing which delicacy and sentiment could devise, to relieve them from the embarrassment of their feelings.

"'I have brought you,' said I, addressing the mother, 'a few dozen of old wine. I must insist upon all of you taking a small quantity every day. You are so weak and reduced, that the good food which is now within your means, will not for a length of time be nutritious to you, unless you bring your constitutions to a degree of strength capable of performing the active functions of digestion.

"'And accept, my dear Lady Emma, this 50*l.* I shall not see you for some little time, but expend the sum liberally; nor let the joys of spending it be marred by any reflection on how soon it goes, or on the difficulty of renovating your purse. The arrangements I hope to make in your favour, will not be casual, uncertain, or capricious. I shall contrive regular and periodical relief, which will not only

remove poverty itself, but what, if possible, is even worse, I mean the apprehension of poverty.'

" I took a rapid leave of them, to avoid even the looks of their gratitude. When we perform services for a friend, we want not return, we want only the disposition to return, and in this instance, I knew the worthy family at the cottage felt all they ought to feel on the occasion.

" Immediately on my reaching my house, I ordered my servants to hurry my dinner, and I directed my valet to pack me a portmanteau, and to be in readiness to attend me to London. That night I left Wales in the mail.

" Arrived in town, I wrote immediately to Piccadilly, to request an interview with Lord Carlingford. I received a courtly reply, appointing twelve the next day, and at that hour I had the honour of being received by his Lordship, with as much elegant ceremony as would impose upon a fool, and awaken the suspicion of a man of sense.

" I found his Lordship the exact resemblance of his father—a large pale countenance, an eye without speculation or feeling. In

short, a face from which no one ray of expression of any sort ever radiated.

"To this 'tenth transmitter of a foolish face,' I related all the sufferings of his good and lovely sister, and of her unoffending children. By heavens, I infused into my tale as much pathos as would have awakened sensibility in a Dutch burgomaster. I might as well have talked to a turnip. Good breeding prevented his interrupting my discourse, nor would politeness let him sleep, yawn, or even hiccup. But the fellow had no more feeling than a shoe-horn.

"Directly I had finished, he began with a mass of polite trash, to drive me from my object. He complimented me in submitting to so long and inconvenient a journey—then talked of the parliament being further prorogued—asked me, if I intended when the house was dissolved, to allow my nephew to stand with me for the county.

"I abruptly cut short his verbiage, and telling him that the sole object of my journey was to collect from the relations of Lady Emma, and from those of the sacrificed Wilton, a sum sufficient to launch their children

into life, and to form a fund for the support of the mother. I at once requested of him a sum which, with what I would myself contribute, and with what I hoped to receive from the rest of the family, would, I trusted, save the object of my interference at least from mendicity.

"I saw there was no hope of wringing from the sordid wretch, even a shilling for a suffering sister—honour must forgive me, if, in the course of our interview, I took advantage of the baseness of his nature, to obtain from his cowardice what I could neither procure from a sense of humanity nor from a dread of exposure.

"He began foolishly to act the bully, talking in the most indelicate terms of my interfering in a case of family arrangement, which the members of the family were competent to manage without my assistance.

"In reply, I made some satirical remarks on the conduct of the family towards these near relations.

"The foolish Earl lost all command of his temper. He behaved towards me with the grossest rudeness, and ended a volume of

wrath, by telling me he should directly send his friend to the place of my residence.

" I was extremely glad of his passion. It enabled me to act my part with success. I knew his fears would mount as his anger subsided—and to gain time, I took up the pen and paper, and wrote a note for the accommodation of his friend, as I should, I observed, be little at home for the next two days. By the time I had sealed my letter, I observed, as I anticipated, that the flush of rage had fled, and that deadly fear had usurped its place.

" Then rising, I addressed him, ' My Lord, my skill and celebrity as a shot, have always rendered a matter of delicacy, indeed of conscience, my not engaging in affairs of honour; but your Lordship's attack upon me converts my meeting you into a mere matter of self-defence, the first law of nature. This note, my Lord, makes every arrangement relative to the rencontre.'

" ' Why, why, Sir, Mr. Williams (with his teeth chattering) you are quick, Sir, quick on me every way, Sir. I have had an esteem for you, Sir, which would render me desirous of enjoying your esteem in return, and I thought I had it; I was therefore warm, Sir, when I

found you doubting my anxiety to do every thing liberal and kind to my sister and her children. I support the government, Sir, and can therefore obtain for the eldest son an employment under the Crown.'

" I knew this was only a base subterfuge, to shake me from my purpose, and I protested therefore that an employment under Government neither suited Lady Emma's wishes, nor would she let her son accept of any thing of the sort. I added also, that if that arrangement were necessary, I could myself serve her children in that respect, through the medium of some of my relations, who had invariably voted for Government, without receiving any thing like the ordinary equivalent of place or patronage.

" To be brief, my conference ended in making up our personal differences, and in my receiving from his Lordship 500*l.* for the use of his sister, with a promise of 500*l.* more in six months, but for which I never applied, as I knew it was never intended to be paid. The gift itself I set down to the score of his Lordship's cowardice.

" From his Lordship's house in Piccadilly, I drove to his brother, who had returned im-

mensely rich from our plundered provinces of the East. I found him a short, fat, round faced florid man, with no expression of countenance but that of silly good humour and sensuality. I adapted as much as possible my story to his humour, but; although I curtailed it considerably, I perceived my auditor began to give several alarming yawns, at last he stretched his legs, and putting both his hands in his waistcoat pockets, was going off into a sound sleep, had not my manner proved an antidote to the matter of my tale. For I began to give my facts with such an energy of voice, and suiting the action to the word, this nabob thought it but prudent once or twice to move his chair five or six inches further from me.

"Directly I had done my task, with a yawn and a lethargy hardly conceivable to those who have not travelled to the East or West Indies, he began the dialogue.

" 'A devilish long story, upon my soul, Mr. Williams. Pray, Sir, do you ever smoke a hooker before dinner? I suppose not, but will you excuse me if I let my servant bring in my hooker for me? Will you have a segar?'

" 'No, I thank you, Sir, and if you will

postpone the hooker for five minutes, in that period I shall have finished my business. I have received 500*l.*, and a promise of an additional 500*l.* in six months, from Lord Carlingford; and I trust you will enable me to put your sister and her afflicted family in a condition free from their present sufferings.'

" 'Oh, as to sufferings, Sir, the world is full of sufferings, and were I to relieve one ten hundredth part of what is related to me, I should have to go another twelve years to that damned country in the east.'

" 'But, Sir, a sister—'

" 'Why, to tell you the truth, I never had much association with Emma, and therefore she can have no claim on me. I was abroad almost all my youth, and, except her letters, no communication ever passed between us.

" 'But, Sir, the natural ties of blood cannot be obliterated by casual separations. Our moral duties to the unfortunate, sentiment—'

" 'Oh, Mr. Williams, for heaven's sake stop; I would sooner undergo another voyage to Calcutta than hear one of those long prosing speeches about moral duties; and as to sentiment, I hate the very word. Well I see I must give Emma something. I am richer

than my brother, so I suppose I must give about what he has given. Suppose I write a check for 500*l.*'

" 'Your brother, Sir, has given 1000*l.*'

" 'Well then I must split the difference. Now, Sir, if I write you a check for 750*l.* can you promise I shall never be troubled on the subject again.'

" 'By me, Sir, you shall never be troubled again on any subject.'

" After a few words I took my leave. This man's donation was any thing but charity. It was obtained from his utter indifference for money, and from that easy disposition which, to avoid importunity, would yield to any thing.

" I had now to repeat my mortifying task, and I drove to the house of poor Emma's sister, who had married one of the richest peers in England. I was ushered through a suit of four superb drawing rooms, and at last was received by her ladyship, in a room exceeding in magnificence any thing I had ever seen in fashionable life. Heavens, thought I to myself, what a contrast to the squalid poverty of her sister's cottage. Her ladyship was seated in a superb chair of gold and blue vel-

vet, at a table on which lay books richly bound in Morocco, velvet, satin, and gold, scattered among many trinkets and costly articles of caprice and fancy. Her lord was in the room as I entered, and when I began the conversation, he rose to depart, but I entreated him to stay.

" Here then I told my sad tale, but the last words were scarcely out of my lips when her ladyship began the conversation.

" ' Mr. Williams, I was troubled on this subject once before; Lady Emma herself wrote me a statement of her case, applying for relief on account of her second daughter, whom she represented to be dying. I have no doubt the statement was exaggerated, as all those cases are; indeed, if it were true, I reflected it was so much the better, for what can her children have to live to, but servitude and poverty. I wrote to this effect, and I wrote also my sentiments on her folly in not marrying the Marquis de Vallois, who would have supported her in a splendour equal to her rank. I really would have sent her five or ten pounds, but I thought if I encouraged such applications, they would, in all probability, be repeated so often.'

" 'Five or ten pounds; good heavens!'

" 'What can I do for the poor creature? I have no children myself, and I thought of adopting one of her daughters; but really to have a great awkward ignorant girl, from a Welch cottage, to have to teach her how to courtesy, and to carry her person, to have the dancing master, and the writing master, and music master about the house; it was impossible. You see, Sir, the impropriety of the thing.'

" 'I see fully the impropriety of one of Lady Emma's children residing with their aunt; but allow me to state to your ladyship, that so far from your ladyship's nieces being these clumsy, ignorant, and awkward cottage girls, which you so strongly apprehend; they are, by far, the most graceful and lovely young ladies I ever saw. They are not destitute of the accomplishments which ornament, or add, real pleasure to existence; and their modest grace, their sound as well as practical good sense are in charming contrast to the elegant trifling and insipid manners of fashionable life.'

" 'Oh, Sir, if they are so well instructed I might contrive to procure them situations as governesses in genteel families, and—'

" 'What, Madam, the grand daughters of the late Lord Carlingford, governesses in genteel families.'

" 'Why, Sir, I could stipulate with their mother that their names should be changed, and that they should conceal their connection with my family. They might go abroad as governesses.'

" 'I can tell your ladyship, that whilst I am in existence Lady Emma's daughters shall never go out as governesses. The only consolation the poor creature has had in her afflictions has been the presence of her children, of whom she is doatingly fond.'

" 'Well, Mr. Williams, you are very kind to interest yourself so warmly in this mistaken creature's case.'

" 'Mistaken creature, my lady, she is your ladyship's sister.'

" 'Why, Sir, you interrupted me; I must not be again subject to these applications; they agitate my sensibility. Now, pray, Mr. Williams, do oblige me by stipulating with this lady, that it is only on condition of her never troubling me again that I beg the favour of you to take her this twenty pound note.'

" 'Twenty pounds, Madam,' said I, in a tone

of natural indignation, and I pushed the note from me with an energy a little at variance with the softness of elegant manners.

" 'Good heavens, Mr. Williams, what is it you mean?'

" Her noble husband now joined the conversation, by saying, 'Mr. Williams, I must confess I am truly shocked and indignant at—'

" 'And I, my Lord, am indignant also; and on much better grounds. I know that life is so base, that the most heartless violation of principle and humanity, never offends so much as a breach of form or ceremony, but let me tell your Lordship—'

" But I could tell his Lordship nothing, for at that moment the lady sunk into the gilded chair, and fell into a soft fit of languishing sensibility. Her fainting appeared to me to be the effect of affectation, or at least of self imposition; and I imagine her lord had suspicions of a similar description, or was used to such alarms; for, wringing the bell, with the utmost coolness, he desired the footman to tell her Ladyship's maid to attend to her mistress, and with the greatest sang froid begged me to speak to him in the library.'

"As soon as we were seated amidst the learning of ages, and surrounded by the busts and statues of antiquity, his Lordship began with a laugh, which he was unable to suppress, and which he therefore thought he might as well enjoy.

"'Why, Mr. Williams, you are not fit for *peaceable* diplomacy; you fired at the word indignant, but had you not interrupted me by your warmth, you would have found my indignation was not levelled, as you imagined, against yourself, for pushing aside the twenty pounds. I assure you it was intended against my good lady. I was exceedingly moved by your pathetic tale, and shocked that her ladyship should have no more sensibility to the sufferings of a sister. Her ladyship's family know my liberality, (said he, with a sneer) and I am willing to exert it on this occasion. I will contribute to Lady Emma's relief the sum which Lord Carlingford has contributed, 500*l*. But take care, Mr. Williams, that the sum is put down as my gift, and not as the gift of her ladyship.'

"I knew this worthy peer lived a sad life of discord with his co-partner of matrimony, and I was aware that they took every possible

means of annoying and mortifying each other. I set down in my mind 100*l.* of this gift to benevolence, and the remaining 400*l.* I put down to the score of the pleasure his Lordship took in mortifying his wife, by bestowing charity on her relations.

"My unpleasant task with this family was at an end, and I had now to act the part of a benevolent beggar with the Argentfields.

"My first visit was to the sister of my unhappy friend Beever; she had married a Sir Purseley Casherton, a rich merchant of London. I found her cold, insensible, and resolved to give nothing, but when I pleaded the cause of distressed humanity, and pleaded before brothers and sisters, whose duty it was to comply, I was determined not to be easily repulsed; I perceived that both Lady Casherton and Sir Purseley were, like all persons newly raised to dignity, most sensibly alive to appearances. I availed myself of their affectation of pomp, and of their dread of visiting inferior people, or of having the world suspect the possibility of their possessing poor relations. I hinted, that unless the family supplied sufficient means to bestow the comforts of life on Lady Emma and her children,

I should publish their whole case to the world, and should raise a public subscription to relieve them from a work-house, and to apprentice the children out to trades.

"This was touching on a tender point: Sir Purseley himself had been, if report spoke true, an apprentice to an oil-man. But times were altered, and although Sir Purseley Casherton or Lady Casherton having nephews and nieces at mechanical employments, was what gave them little concern, yet for such a circumstance to be exposed to the world, the thoughts of it awoke the most tender sensibilities. They bestowed on me the 500*l.*, and I thus obtained from their selfishness and vulgar pride what I in vain solicited from their charity and benevolence. I was amused at the precise manner in which Sir Purseley took care to direct me to render him an account of the application of the money.

"My labours were now drawing to close. I had but one visit to make, and that was to Lord Argentfield himself.

"As the Earl was a twin brother of Lady Emma's lamented husband, I expected from him something more than mere almsgiving.

I anticipated the generous warmth of heart which distinguished poor Beever.

"I expected also to see the fine bold outline of figure, the manly strength of limb and graceful action for which his brother was conspicuous. I hoped also to see something like the fine countenance of him, for whose widow I was submitting to the mortification of seeing human nature under the most disgusting appearances. But his Lordship was celebrated as the head of the religious world; he never spoke in the house but upon subjects connected with religion, and to all religious associations he was a most liberal benefactor. The Bible Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Society for the Suppression of Vice, all received princely sums from this pious nobleman. But it was certainly to be remarked that to such societies as that for the Relief of Prisoners for Small Debts, or for Visiting the Sick Poor, or in short for objects of mere philanthropy unconnected with the maintenance or the propagation of the Gospel, his Lordship bestowed not a fraction.

"Arrived at the Earl's mansion, at Gros-

venor Square, I was ushered into a dull, heavy, and gloomy suit of rooms, and received by three measured formal bows from the nobleman.

"I was very much struck at the first appearance of the Earl. He was dressed in black, with black silk stockings, his hair straight, and without powder.

"He was an awful solemn figure, of about six feet two inches high, not destitute of breadth of figure, but remarkably bony, and as thin as a lath. His long limbs had an angular, ungraceful action, very unpleasing in their effect, and even dangerous to any thing fragile which might be within a yard of his person.

"His face was long and pale, and what is vulgarly called lantern; a little grey eye, deeply set beneath a projecting forehead, and a mouth and chin so small and precise in their formation as to produce the effect of what the common people call finiken.

"He welcomed me in a deep cavernous tone of voice, which made me start and look round, for I thought it impossible such loud and hollow sounds could proceed from an aperture so small as his mouth.

"I told the whole story of poor Beever and his unhappy widow and children with great energy and pathos, and I dwelt particularly on the untimely and miserable death of Wilton, whose manly and excellent qualities I pourtrayed with great emphasis. I painted the misery of Lady Emma's daughter dying of a consumption, brought on by want and mental sensibility to the fate of her parents. At several parts of my relation he uttered deep groans, which I attributed to his feelings for the fate of his twin brother.

"As soon as I had drawn my miserable tale to a conclusion, and painted the state of starvation in which I had found his sister-in-law, and his lamented brother's children, he uttered a deep sigh, and began the dialogue in a voice of measured and monotonous precision, ridiculously in contrast to the varied tones and multiplied inflections and emphasis, which the feelings of the heart had naturally brought from me, in relating my simple and unaffected tale of sorrow.

"'The Lord, his will be done! Mr. Williams, I knew your whole story before.'

"'I wish, Lord Argentfield, you had said so at first, for this is the fifth time I have had to

give my dismal history within the last four and twenty hours.'

" 'I had heard it, Sir, from that pious christian, the Rev. Mr. Whitaker, whom, doubtless, every gentleman of your country is well acquainted with.'

" 'I never heard of him, my Lord, except in relation to a visit he once made the widowed unhappy Lady Emma, at a time of her dreadful distress—her good and beautiful daughter was then dying of want.'

" 'Never heard of Mr. Whitaker,' replied his Lordship, with a look of surprise which sadly discomposed my gravity.

" 'Mr. Whitaker is well known to the religious world. His six sermons upon the Revelations, are master pieces of composition, and his works upon faith, and upon the reality of Demoniacal Possessions, are what every good Christian ought to read. I have many sets of his works, Mr. Williams, and for your edification, if you will allow me, I will present you with a set.'

" 'My Lord, I thank you, but my mind is little attuned to such writings just now, and as to the latter subject of Mr. Whitaker's pen

—the reality of Demoniacal Possessions, I assure your Lordship, that my very recent intercourse with the world, fully convinces me of the truth of Mr. Whitaker's opinions—nay, my Lord, I can conceive nothing more conclusive upon the point, than a knowledge of Mr. Whitaker himself.'

" 'Oh, Sir,' said the Earl, not understanding my meaning, 'Mr. Whitaker is an excellent man, and his life and opinions fully testify the fruits of evangelical knowledge; but, Sir, I was saying that I had received a faithful account of all my brother's opinions and family distresses, and moreover, my sister-in-law had vouchsafed to write to me herself. Yes, Mr. Williams, I had received a letter from my sister-in-law, you had better peruse it.'

" I read it with emotion. I could hardly restrain my tears.

" 'This is the most simple, modest, and unaffected appeal to the feelings, I ever read; it speaks volumes to the heart.'

" My observation was unheard by the Earl, who three minutes after I had made it, resumed the conversation in the same unaltered tone of dismal monotony. I was glad that his Lord-

ship's absence of mind had occasioned this interval. It gave me time to soothe my feelings.

" 'That letter, Sir, occasioned me much anger and indignation. You observe, Sir, that the hardened woman speaks of my brother's death as the mere accident of a winter's storm. Does not she know that the Lord rideth on the wind—could she not confess that Providence had purposely wrought her husband's death, in justice for his transgression in abandoning the religion of the Lord.'

" 'Gracious heavens, Lord Argentfield, for an afflicted woman to acknowledge such a thing of a much loved husband, untimely lost, with his child.'

" '*Lost* Sir? *visited,* I say; visited, plainly visited by the Lord, for his heresy.

" 'But, Sir, her insensibility did not harden my heart against her, as you might have justly expected. No, Sir, I wrote to my correspondent, the Rev. Mr. Whitaker, to visit the habitation of this seceder from the faith. I wrote to him to begin by propitiating her with a gift of 5*l*. I begged the holy man to pour ghostly consolation into her heart, and that if his mis-

sion was likely to be followed by grace, I directed him to give her an additional 5*l*. but which I suppose he never did, for I do not see any mention made of it in his account.'

" 'And is it possible that Mr. Whitaker could withhold five pounds from that wretched mother and her dying child, because she differed with him in faith.'

" 'No, Sir, not because she differed with him in faith, but because he had reason to guess she had no faith at all.'

" 'And could that close his heart to the calls of humanity?'

" 'Mr. Williams, we know the Rev. Mr. Whitaker to be a pious man, and you may depend upon it, what he did was dictated by the right faith. If the mild spirit of protestantism had not diffused itself over this enlightened country, remember, I say such a family would have been cut off from the land.'

" 'For what, my Lord? They were quiet in their faith. I never knew they were seceders from Christianity till your Lordship acquainted me with the fact.'

" 'Ignorant of that fact, why, I am told, nay, I am credibly informed, that during the

whole period of his concealed sojourn in your county, he never once attended a place of Divine worship.'

" 'My Lord, your information, I know, is not *literally* true. The preachers usually heard in our secluded and humble part of the kingdom, certainly are not, generally speaking, of a nature to edify a gentleman of the profound and philosophical mind of your late brother. But I knew Wilton to be possessed of the most fervent *natural* piety, and of every quality of an exalted and generous mind, as well as of a kind and benevolent disposition. My Lord, accident once made me the spectator of his family devotion. I witnessed the evening address to the Deity, which that excellent man poured forth in company with his wife and children; and I never yet saw on any such occasion, a manner more earnest or impressive—tones so full of sincerity, or of awful dependance on the great author of nature, and the address itself was so truly rational and—'

" 'Oh, Sir,' interrupted Lord Argentfield, 'that is mere philosophy, mere carnal, rational devotion, alike offensive to God and man; no ejaculations of the spirit, no——' and here his

Lordship made a terrible long pause and then resumed.

" 'Well, Sir, let us draw this conference to a close. Your object in calling on the lady's relations, is to obtain a fund sufficient to settle an annuity on her.' 'And,' I added, 'to launch her children into some, at least respectable employment.' 'I have submitted this case to the conscience of my spiritual friend, the Rev. Mr. Maggs. Sir, the best thing I can do, is to put into your hands the worthy pastor's reply.'

" My most learned and well beloved Lord,

" Tuching them things of which you cummune with me, I advise you not to extend your charity to the worshiphers of Belial.

" Are their not enuff of children of the promise who are in want, both of carnal food and of spiritual cumfort, that we should cast our wealth to the children of unrighteousness.—The money you would bestow on them there relations of deism, them heathen scoffers and revilers, would go far in propagating the Gospel of Christ. What says the Psalmist in them beautiful werses of the 109th Psalm, duz he not clearly alude to the unbeleivers of this

wicked age, when he says, 'Let his prayer be turned into sin, let his children be fatherless,' and consequently his wife a widow; "let his children be vagabonds, and beg their bread; let them seek it also out of desolate places; let there be no man to pity him, nor to have compassion on his fatherless children; let his posterity be destroyed."

"And would you fly in the face of the Psalmist, and where your dilemmer is met by them strong werses, be going for to give your money in pospering the children of wickedness, because they are related to your carnal body. Let your charity be universal to the children of faith and righteousness, and not confined to the relationship which is created by the devices and craft of the lovers of the world.

"Jos. Mark Maggs."

"'Well, my Lord,' said I, returning the letter with disgust, 'your reverend friend has a noble contempt of syntax and orthography.'

"'Oh, Sir, he is not a man of worldly learning; he is a man gifted with natural powers. He is a firebrand saved from the burning, for he was a great sinner in his youth.'

" 'As most of those people are, my Lord.'

" 'Are you not well acquainted with Mr. Maggs?'

" 'No, my Lord, I never heard of him in my life, till to-day.'

" What, not hear of Mr. Maggs? His fame has extended all over——'

" 'Why, really, my Lord, it argues nothing against the reverend gentleman's celebrity, my not having heard of him, for I have no acquaintance whatever with people of that class.'

" 'Mr. Maggs, Sir, has published two and thirty religious tracts.'

" 'Works I never read, my Lord.'

" 'He is the author of that pious little work, the Dairyman's daughter, a work which I dare say, you can state no objection to.'

" 'None, my Lord, to the work itself, for I never saw it, but I can state great objection to all that class of religious works. Their tendency is to abstract the attention of the poor from the key stones of human happiness, their moral duties, and a simple belief in a future state of rewards and punishments: these objects are rendered secondary to the phantoms which such works conjure up.'

" 'Sir, Mr. Maggs is a considerable contri-

butor to all religious publications. You may remember an excellent portrait of him in the Evangelical Magazine.'

" 'A book I never saw, my Lord, and probably never shall.'

" 'I assure you, Sir, you would be delighted with Mr. Maggs. You would be astonished at him in the pulpit.'

" 'I should think so, my Lord, after the letter I have just read.'

" 'He is a lamb, a dove, a simple man.'

" 'Not very simple, I should apprehend, my Lord.'

" 'He is a wonderful man, he is a simple man, chosen by the Lord to confound the crafty; he has been chosen, Sir, from the path of sin, to confound the wisdom of the wise.'

" 'Which, I have no doubt, my Lord, he will do most thoroughly.'

" 'Will do, Mr. Williams? he has done it,' his Lordship rising, and earnestly taking hold of the breast of my coat. 'When he succeeded the late Mr. Tillotson, as preacher in this neighbourhood, there was a congregation of learned people, people of wealth and rank, Sir. Lukewarm christians, deists, wolves in sheep's clothing. Mr. Maggs has preached

the true Gospel, spiritually, evangelically They have left his congregation for your moral, worldly clergy. They were confounded by his preaching.'

" 'Just, my Lord, what I should imagine. They would be confounded by such preaching.'

" 'Yes, Sir, he has a fine powerful voice, and full of spirit and action. The wise in their own conceit, the worldly, who called themselves people of sense, could not bear his preaching. It was spiritual.'

" 'Precisely what I should suppose, my Lord, that people of sense could not bear his preaching.'

" 'You must, Mr. Williams, go and hear the sermon on Sunday next: the church is so full, it is impossible to get in as a stranger, but I will be happy to take you with my family in the carriage.'

" 'Really, my Lord, before Sunday, I hope to breathe the air of my native hills—to fly this vast den of human frailty. I trust before Sunday, to have diffused joy and comfort to my afflicted friends, your relations.'

" 'But, Sir, it will amply repay your sojourn, to hear this evangelical preacher.'

" 'I am obliged to you, my Lord, but I really cannot stay in London till Sunday, for any such purpose. I have no doubt Mr. Maggs is very well adapted to do what your Lordship asserts, confound the wisdom of the wise. On Sunday, I trust, I shall hear the church service from the vicar of my own parish, Mr. Jones.'

" 'Mr. Jones—a mere moral essayist. I have heard of Mr. Jones, from my correspondent, the Rev. Mr. Whitaker.'

" 'What Mr. Whitaker may be pleased to say of him, my Lord, I know not; but Mr. Jones is a man of learning and genius and of amiable manners, with a thorough good heart. He is a gentleman of enlarged views and of great liberality of spirit, and his life, I believe, is unexceptionable.'

" 'Mere worldly qualities; why, Sir, the ancient heathens, Socrates and Seneca, could boast as much as this.'

" 'I fear, my Lord, that few of the modern christians can boast any thing of the sort.'

" 'As to that word liberality, I hate it, Mr. Williams; it has done infinite harm to church and state. It is a mere cloak for republicanism and infidelity.'

" 'You must excuse me, my Lord, for observing, that unbounded freedom in politics and religion, always have had and shall have my support. Man has an inherent right to think, to say, and to do whatever does not most clearly injure or endanger either the property or person of another. I am for as much liberty as can possibly be enjoyed, consistently with the safety of property and personal quiet. I would trespass on these rather than incline to the side of arbitrary power. For the support of these principles, I would marshal myself in the ranks, and I employ my voice and my pen to diffuse them amongst my countrymen. But, Lord Argentfield, as we differ so strongly on these topics, let us change the subject to one in which I trust we shall better agree—the measure of your Lordship's bounty, to your brother Wilton's widow and orphans.

" 'Well, Sir, I must tell you on that subject, that I have reasons which Mr. Maggs is not aware of, for not exactly complying with his advice. The world is very censorious in its remarks, and very prying into the conduct of others, Sir, particularly if they are

persons of piety, who set forth the Gospel truths.'

" 'I believe a wise man's kingdom, my Lord, should be his own breast: the impertinent folly and malice of the world, give me very little concern. I have not the vice of being indifferent to character, but the opinions which alone concern me, are the opinions of the wise and good, who are about one plucked out of ten thousand.'

" 'Well, Mr. Williams, Lord Carlingford has, you say, given on this occasion 1000*l*. and his Lordship's brother and sister have given 500*l*. each.'

" 'Lord Argentfield will not, I trust, be influenced by what the Carlingford family have given—the union between your brother and yourself, was so much more close and tender.'

" 'You say, Sir, the lady has twelve children. It is my intention to give each of them 100*l*. and on the widow herself I will bestow 300*l*. and I will leave it to your kindness and prudence, to settle the money on them as you may think most advantageous. This, Mr. Williams, is meeting the case liberally.'

" 'Very liberally, Lord Argentfield; considering that your brother Wilton's untimely

death has cast his family into abject, houseless poverty, and has, if report speaks true, brought your Lordship unexpectedly into a rental of 40,000*l.* a year, the bestowing a 100*l.* on each of his orphans, and 300*l* on his widow, is not only liberal, but munificent.'

" 'Yes, Sir, I must combat Mr. Maggs's objections to this liberality, the best way I am able.'

" 'Well, my Lord, I see it is of no use to press the subject further. I have got the utmost I am able for poor Lady Emma.—The Carlingford family have lodged in my hands 1700*l.* Your Lordship and Lady Casherton, have given me exactly 2000*l.* To these sums, my Lord, I shall add 1500*l.* of my own, and my friend, Mr. Jones, has begged me to let him contribute, not Mr. Whitaker's 5*l.* but the sum of 100*l.* I have thus collected 5300*l.* for my friends, with which, and the patronage of my connections, I trust I shall be able to render this interesting family, the most essential services.'

" 'May I beg you, Mr. Williams, to do me a favour. May I beg you to take charge of that parcel of books, and distribute them in your vicinage.'

" 'My Lord, to distribute such books would

be inconsistent with my character. I shall be happy to deliver them to Mr. Whitaker, for him to distribute.'

" 'He has distributed some thousands of them already, but he complains of their having no effect; from you they would come with the weight of authority.'

" 'For which reason, my Lord, I cannot take charge of them. If they have internal merit, they need not my authority; if they have not internal merit, to use my authority would be an imposition.'

" His Lordship was silent for a few minutes, and then recovering from his reverie, he begged me to take charge of a small parcel of religious works for his nephews and nieces, which I promised to attend to; and we then parted, with, I believe, little esteem for each other.

" I could not, however, entirely despise that sort of man. I pitied him. Who is there that is not more or less under a delusion of some sort.

" The money he had given, proceeded from no one spark of charity or feeling. He had bestowed it from a dread of the observations of the world, and from a rivalry of his hated neighbours, the Carlingfords.

"I now hastened my return to Wales, I travelled as rapidly as possible, and arriving at my house, at ten at night, I enjoyed a sleep as sound as my long journey and my active exertions in town were likely to procure me. I rose the next morning at seven, and mounting my poney, I rode to the cottage. My approach was unperceived, and I entered by surprise, as they were in the middle of their breakfast. Here was a scene to gladden any heart, at least to gladden mine. Cleanliness, comfort, and plenty, with cheerful and contented countenances were reigning where, one week before, every thing bespoke abject misery and want; and this change was the work of my hands.

"I passed a most delightful morning, although in the widow's countenance I sometimes saw the large tear trickle down her cheek; my presence made her revert to the only time before in which I had been entertained at the cottage, and that was the night preceding her husband's death.

"I at length communicated to her the cause of my sudden disappearance from Wales, and what I had effected in her favour during my few days stay in London. I concealed

the brutal sentiments of her relations towards her.

"She left it entirely to me to put her family out in the world, and to dispose of the money I had collected for their support.

"I procured, from a friend, a cornetcy for the eldest son, in that very regiment in which his father had distinguished himself. For the second boy, I had interest to obtain a situation of about 500*l.* a year in the custom-house, at Bristol, which, being near Wales, enables him frequently to visit his family.

"The third son accompanied my cousin to India, and is now in the service of the Company; I find he is making a rapid fortune under the auspices of my relation. The youngest child capable of being put out into the world was the fourth boy, who is now a midshipman in the frigate commanded by my brother.

"I saw that the chief hopes of the family, as far as distinction was concerned, must eventually rest on the eldest boy. I devoted him to a military life, because he appeared to have an inclination for the profession, and he possessed the soldier-like qualities which had distinguished his father.

"But I began seriously to reflect that, whatever might be his merits, without friends to patronize, and money to purchase his promotion, it was impossible for him to attain to any rank in the English service.

"It struck me that I would write to the German prince, whose life, I have mentioned in the beginning of this narrative, had been saved by Captain Beever's personal intrepidity. I addressed to him a letter, containing a succinct account of the fate of the father, and of the condition to which his untimely death had exposed the family. I concluded by stating that his eldest son was now a subaltern officer in the British army, but he would be happy to enter the Austrian service under the auspices of his Royal Highness.

"The prince wrote me, in reply, a generous and a very sensible letter. He observed, 'that the life of a soldier was of such short duration, and exposed to such innumerable risks, that rescues were at once frequent, and of little value; but that the manner in which the late Captain Beever had effected his Highness's release, had evinced military qualities which were highly admired by him as a general officer; that he trusted his son would

emulate the professional conduct of his father, and that he had ordered the Austrian embassador to present Mr. Beever with a cornetcy in the cuirassiers of the Emperor's body-guard, with a pension of 1000 crowns per annum, and an assurance of a higher brevet rank, and a staff appointment.' The letter concluded by observing, 'that in the military profession the lives of our fellow creatures depended on the talents and conduct of an officer, that it was therefore impossible to advance Mr. Beever higher than his talents might render of benefit to the service, but that he should reap the full reward of any qualities or conduct he might evince in the performance of his duty in the army of the Emperor.'

"On the strength of this letter I embarked my young friend for the Continent, and I am happy to inform you, that in consequence of his conduct in some of the late battles, he is now a baron of the empire, with pensions and commissions giving him an income of 10,000 crowns a year.

"After I had fitted out the four young gentlemen, the 5300*l.* I found reduced to something little exceeding 4000*l.*; but this I contrived to lend on mortgage of a neigh-

bouring estate, for an annuity of 400*l*. a year, secured on the lives of Lady Emma and her two eldest daughters.

"This income, in Wales, enabled her to live in genteel circumstances, and as her birth was now known, she was visited by all the families of rank in the neighbourhood. But what rendered this of infinite consequence to her, was the introduction it gave her children into society. Her eldest daughter is now on the point of marriage to a gentleman of large estate in the adjoining county.

"My nephew, who inherits the properties of his two maternal aunts, and who is consequently, even now, richer than I am, and who, at my death, must come into all I possess, is paying his addresses to Lady Emma's second daughter. I have promoted the match from the moment I saw that my nephew's attachment was permanent, and his habits of life irreproachable. The lady is beautiful, clever, well educated, and with a temper and disposition which transcend her other merits. These are all that a rich man ought to look for in a wife.

"I must confide to you, one secret of my bosom. Misery has blanched the cheek of

my friend ; the rose of her beauty is fled, and though youth has scarcely passed the line of its meridian, sorrow has given her the appearance of age. But the mild resignation with which she has borne her afflictions, the fortitude with which she has sustained all the attacks of complicated misfortune, have given her an attractive dignity of character, which excites in her favour the tenderness, the sympathy, the disinterested attachment, which wants but the union of desire to constitute the passion of love. Moved by the merits of her disposition, and by the nature of her circumstances, I pressed on her the offer of marriage.

" It was necessary to be very delicate in making this proposal, lest she might have conceived it an advantage taken of the friendly conduct I had evinced in her favour. But Lady Emma had a mind above such an unworthy suspicion, and she knew, I trust, my disposition to be incapable of motives so ungenerous. She received my offer with her usual candour and sweetness of disposition ; She told me, ' that had fortune thrown me in her way in her earliest youth, she must have admired, and might have loved, but it had

pleased Heaven to unite her to one who had the whole of her heart, and in whose grave was buried all her earthly affections.' I could not but admire the fidelity of her attachment; the worth of her character made me more desirous of the union, but these sentiments rendered it impossible to press my suit; from that moment we have lived in the closest ties of the most pure and exalted friendship.

"I offered to purchase her cottage of her; its extent was too small to suit the more elevated rank which she had now been able to assume. Had she consented to dispose of it I intended to have availed myself of the circumstance, to have given, under the colour of its purchase, a sum which would have contributed to her comfort and enjoyment for the remainder of her days. But she refused to part with the building, adding, 'that she could never leave the scene which had witnessed, with her husband, all the earthly happiness which she ever expected to enjoy.'

"And now, Mr. Hamlyn, I have detained you in this mountain recess longer than what, perhaps, you anticipated, when you asked me to relate the history of the cottage. The fervour of the day is passed and the sun has

now the soft mildness of its evening beams. We will resume our journey homewards, enjoying the mellow tints which it casts over the foliage, and the lengthened shadows which are made by the many precipitate projections of rocks and wooded heights.

" Whenever, my friend, you are disposed to meditate on the vicissitudes of human life. Whenever you are inclined to contemplate the frailty of our nature, and the sad reverses to which our existence is exposed, you may muse over the tale of the Woodman's Fire-side."

MANDEVILLE;

OR,

THE VOYAGE.

"I WAS descended from a gentleman, whose fate it was to flourish, or rather to fade, in the middle of the seventeenth century, that epoch of English history when liberty, like a virgin ray from heaven, first spread her genial influence over the hearts of our countrymen. This gentleman, my grandfather, was younger branch of one of the oldest families in the kingdom, his nephew held the hereditary estates of the family, in the county of Caermarthen, the land of our sires, where our ancestors had been enrolled among the lords of the soil for many centuries; and my cousin, in 1611, had the honour of receiving the rank of baronet from the hands of her present Majesty, Queen Anne. I am proud, even in my poverty, to reflect upon the mention made by the herald,

of the assistance, which the great stem of my race, afforded to Reece ap Tudor, in his opposition to the invading Norman, and amidst the triumphs or the neglect of the present wealthy, I have often consoled myself by reflecting upon my noble and valorous ancestors.

"My grand-father, although a junior member of the family, was possessed of great wealth, and, what was of little less consequence in the perturbed period of his career, he was distinguished for great talents, for unconquerable fortitude, and for a most romantic generosity. I am particularly disposed to dwell upon the character and conduct of this worthy personage, because his fate and misfortunes afford an example to mankind, and because the complexion of my life has received its tinge from the destiny which attended his. He is also, with the exception of my father, the only member of my family with whom I have ever had any distinct acquaintance, for, I have found the more wealthy branches of a family but little disposed to be too intimate with their poorer relatives, however near they may be in blood; and, if political differences, or similar causes,

should once interrupt the association, it is seldom renewed, further, perhaps, than one or two formal invitations to dinner in the course of the year, where the unwelcome visitor is pointed out as a poor relation, with, perhaps, a shrug of the shoulders, accompanying the final words, 'a third cousin, whom we must ask now and then.' But to return to my father's progenitor, he was, what is often described by the terms, 'a gentleman of the old school.' The most prominent feature in the character of this description of person was, a most romantic loyalty and personal attachment to the prince. That passion which our earlier poets are so fond of painting, as the gem of every thing noble, brave, and generous; but which, fortunately for the happiness and dignity of our nature, has ceased to exist but in description, and has been superseded by a more enlightened attachment to those principles of government which teach the equal rights of mankind, and that the crown is the least important constituent of society, the mere servant of the community, employed only to the extent and for the period which may suit the general convenience.

"But although this loyalty may be a mere delusion, often destructive, and always pernicious to a country when carried too far, although with those who pretend to admire or possess it, it is generally nothing but a veil to hide their plans of personal aggrandizement, or to cover their cupidity of the public money; it must be confessed that there is something attractive in that spirit of disinterested loyalty which so often animated our ancestors, and inspired them to deeds of true heroism. Reason may disapprove of it, or despise it, but fancy will yet hold it in her mirror, and life has so little of real happiness, that even delusions which are pleasurable ought rather to be respected than disdained. This equivocal virtue, however, seemed to be the animating principle of my grandfather's existence. Instead of joining the enlightened few, to wave the banners of liberty with the heroes of his age, he embarked zealously in the royal cause of Charles. His disposition was naturally enthusiastic, and whatever cause he espoused, he embraced it with the most generous fervour. The virtues of Pym, of Hampden, of Fairfax, and their glorious bands, instead of kindling his patriotism, or at least

purifying his indiscriminate attachment to the crown, excited his spirit of loyalty, he vowed his services to the King, and he was at once a hero in the royal phalanx. He was of the wisest in the cabinet, and of the bravest in the field. In the court he inspired the lethargic, he upbraided the timid, he reproached the selfish and interested, and he confirmed the wavering. To some he used satire and sarcasm, whilst the more generous he animated by such spirited and glowing images of fame and victory, that the cause considered him as their chief support and principal resource. In the field he was the first to propose as well as to execute every daring and desperate attempt which could confer glory and produce advantage to the cause of his royal master. Fortunately for human happiness the efforts of his party were defeated by the genius and patriotism of the popular leaders, and our hero, after having exhausted his talents in schemes which were baffled, after having bled most deeply in the field, and after having devoted to the service the last acre of his inheritance, he retired to the Continent, living in obscurity and want, supported only by the proud consciousness of

having acted according to his sense of duty, and animated with the hope of his friends' one day attaining the ascendancy, and restoring the family of the defeated king.

" On the developement of General Monk's intentions he was again inspired with zeal for the royal cause, he joyously returned to his native soil, and he expected from the new monarch that consideration and attachment which his services so eminently entitled him to receive. But, alas! he little knew the mechanism of a kingly heart, nor the trash of which the world is composed. The royal patronage and affections were bestowed, not upon those who, by zealously sacrificing their all in the cause, had lost the power of being further useful, but upon such who had, in the struggle, served their master with that prudence and view to self-interest which renders our property safe, whichever side may triumph. But the sun of royal patronrge, even in those turbulent times, shed some of its warmest beams upon that worthless but most numerous class of persons which compose the great body of a court. Men without either feeling, attachment, or principle of any sort, but who, partly from self-interest, and partly from in-

nate baseness of disposition, are inclined always to approve and to support any men, or any principles, which may, for the time, be established, or are uppermost. These people retained the means of answering the present objects of the court, and the same heartless selfishness which had secured them the retention of these means, now induced them to be careful that their present assistance to the restored monarch should be well repaid by every existing office of profit, and by many other places and pensions created for their benefit. In vain was it urged, that had all the king's friends served in the civil war with such mean policy, and timid exertion, the crown would never have been regained; these arguments were ridiculed by the court minions, and every thing which the government had to bestow was given not in reward for suffering loyalty and for former exertion, but in barter for expected subserviency and anticipated compliance. This worthy but mistaken old man, who had been the spirit and soul of the royal cause in his youth, could not bear the cold aspect of his master, and he retired to end his days in neglect and want, not exclaiming, as of old, " teneor patriæ nec le-

gibus ullis," but retaining to the last his chivalrous spirit of loyalty, and his warm attachment to his royal master.

"My father inherited nothing of this cavalier but his existence, and a few acres of land, barely sufficient to support that existence. He was possessed of a mind naturally powerful and capacious, and he had richly cultivated his understanding in literature, and strengthened his intellect by philosophy and the abstract sciences. In nothing did he differ so much from his parent as in his political sentiments. He had embraced the opinions on government which Mr. Locke had so ably supported, and, if not a zealous, he was a most firm and determined Whig. Not one of the practical Whigs of that day, but a Whig whose effort it was to carry the perfection of Mr. Locke's theory into operation. In the disagreement which took place between James II. and his subjects, he had rendered all the service in his power to the patriot party, but his means of serving were but limited and feeble. On the triumph of his friends King William had, unsolicited, offered him a place of honour and of some profit under the government. The old and celebrated Toryism of his family

was not remembered against him, but his public spirit was liberally and conscientiously rewarded by a prince of free principles. A striking example that, independent of the satisfaction arising from liberal opinions, even in a worldly point of view they are more likely to be advantageous. A prince of a free government will reward for public services, the court of a despot fosters capriciously, and for the worst of objects. But my father now sighed for rural retirement and domestic quiet. As his disposition was less ardent than that of his father's, he was able to read life with a more exact scrutiny. He had dived into the inmost recesses of the human heart, had watched the actions of men, and had penetrated and dissected the most latent motives of conduct. His cool and philosophic view of life had deeply impressed upon him the opinion of the wretched trash of which the world was composed, and he retired from society to enjoy the happiness of domestic life, and to laugh at the follies of the busy world. He had married a lady of an old and wealthy family in Durham, whose mother was herself of an extravagant disposition, and having united herself to a gentleman of a dissipated

course of life, they had been reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves in one of the towns on the coast of Sussex, by means reputable, but not in tone with the wealth and dignity of the other branches of their family. My father, on resorting to the place of their retreat, for the benefit of his health, witnessed the merits of this young lady. She was eminently gifted by nature, of the perfection of form and beauty, and possessed of the most excellent disposition.—With her he resolved to pass his days, and devote their care to the education of their family.

" Happy had it been for me, had this latter object been attended to, for the miseries of my life are to be attributed to the neglect of my youth. My father, although enamoured of rural ease, was not adapted to the peaceful enjoyment of retired life. He was of too irritable a temperament to bear the prattle of infancy, or to support the sallies of youth, and he therefore shunned the company rather than superintended the conduct of his children; or his children in his presence were under a restraint which rendered their manners artificial and melancholy, and consequently, when not

restrained by his presence, their relaxation was in obstreperous mirth and violent jollity. In spite of his pretensions to philosophic apathy, he had an organic pride, and a constitutional ambition, which no effort could conquer; and probably the most miserable of beings is a man of an ambitious spirit, and of an hereditary pride, who, conscious of his personal merit, is yet doomed to live in obscurity, and to live without the prospect of his children regaining their ascendancy in society. These unhappy circumstances operating upon such a febrile constitution, rendered the patient gloomy, retired, and irascible, and it drove him for comfort to that pleasurable but destructive habit of what is vulgarly called castle building, or what Mr. Locke, in his Essay on the Understanding, is pleased to term ecstacy. There are certain classes of minds which derive such happiness from this species of active reverie, that all their leisure moments are devoted to the enjoyment, and all the useful pursuits of life are neglected for the gratification. The deeper sciences are the best antidotes for this seductive evil, but in the case of my parent, the habit was the result of the hopelessness of his situation, of that hopelessness which

deprives life of its energy, poisons every object and pursuit, and which renders all the uses of this world so weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable.

" Thus was it my lot to be neglected, and unhappy was it for me, as my mind was of that romantic, imaginary cast, which of all others requires the most careful discipline. But there is one object of education by far more important than the guidance of the intellect: it is the formation of the disposition and the moral character. This last duty can be executed only by a parent, or by a private tutor of judgment, who is conscientiously interested in the welfare of his pupil, and has but that one object to attend to. We should watch the very prattle and sports of infancy, and acquaint ourselves with the tone and features, which the dispositions of our children are inclined by nature to assume. The mental temperament developes itself at the earliest age, and we can read in children at six, the outlines of the character which time is to fill up. The office of a judicious parent is to mix with the sports of his children, and when they imagine he is intent upon their enjoyment, to be ob-

servant of those little traits of character and disposition, which are displayed with such amusing simplicity in that ingenuous age, and particularly in the moments of their careless mirth.

"These little imperfections should never be made the objects of studied and particular reproof. There is an infinity of ways by which they can be indirectly checked, and the youth may thus receive the most effectual moral instruction, without being scarcely conscious that any lessons of morality have been taught him. This mode of instruction so useful to all, was, to a disposition like mine, the only mode of moral guidance that could possibly be effective or permanently useful. My soul seemed a boiling spirit within me, consuming its tenement. My temper was violent in the extreme. I was refractory and impatient of instruction or controul, and all my appetites were strong in sensuality. Direct precept or reproof was totally useless, and as my mind was creative and ardent to a degree of disease, it was requisite, in order to render my life safe, or tolerable to myself or companions, to watch constantly each symptom of my dispo-

sition, and to apply to me indirect precept and illustrations judiciously adapted to my temperament.

"This necessary species of education was with me totally neglected, nor was my intellectual education better attended to. I was sent to the school of a wretched Scotch pedant, one of that numerous class of people who had swarmed in upon us from the north, and had set up numerous schools in the neighbourhood of London, as matters of speculation and trade. Their object was to feed their pupils at the smallest possible expense, consistent with that degree of reputation which ensured them a sufficiency of business, and as to the mental culture of their pupils, it was limited in extent and degree by the same considerations of policy. As I was decidedly of better birth and connections than the rest of the school, this selfish wretch devoted all his attention to myself, at the expense of the others who had an equal claim to his care and assiduity. I was cherished and caressed, whilst the sons of more plebeian parents were beaten for not learning what he was conscious they ought to know, but what he took little pains

to teach them. This man succeeded in obtaining a reward for his undue partiality, by my father procuring him an appointment in a public establishment. He had taught me all he was capable of teaching; he had prematurely pressed me forward in my classes, in order to ingratiate himself with my parents, and I left his school with the reputation of learning, without however knowing more than my accidence.

"Nature had given me an ardent desire for knowledge, and this with a pride of superiority, stimulated me in my private studies, so that I soon supplied by personal application, the loss of early instruction. Intoxicated with the charms of knowledge, and proud of what I had accomplished by my personal exertion, I became disputatious, positive, and presumptuous, and I exhibited all those repulsive traits of character which are to be found in a frank and fearless disposition, unchecked by repulse and undisciplined by education.

"The very excess of my good qualities, were my faults, and I lived admired by every body, but shunned by all.

"I was refractory and wild, and disobe-

dient to my parents, whom I yet tenderly lôved, and under whose roof I lived, until my father's anxious mind began to contemplate the pecuniary consequences in which his family would be involved by his death. My mother's parental affection for her children, was indescribably strong. She long sustained a dreadful conflict between her fondness and her prudence, and at length yielded to my father's disposition, that I should leave their peaceful and happy retirement, to launch into the sea of life.

"Of all conflicts which a reduced and ruined man has to sustain, the most severe relate to the disposal of his children in the world. My father long pondered in a sort of agonized perplexity, on various schemes for my career. Mercantile pursuits, even of the highest description, were at that period of our history considered degrading to the higher families; but had it been otherwise, my father's straitened means did not put even a secondary mercantile business within his power. The profession of medicine was not thought sufficiently honourable. The law was abandoned for want of capital and connection, and because

my disposition was esteemed unfit to make my own way through life. The church was at last adopted, and my venerable parent, in the full confidence of friendship, wrote to the Marquis of C——, for his clerical patronage. This old peer had been the companion of my grandfather's civil and military career, and had known him in the splendour of his wealth, and in the power of his political reputation. No sympathy existed in the breast of the peer for a fallen family—he possessed no feeling for the son of his old and ruined friend. A courtly refusal was received. It would be troublesome to relate the numerous refusals he received from all the friends of his youth to whom he applied; many of whom had been obscure when he was resplendent, and had risen in life by the political instability of the age. His old and honourable heart was stung with mortification, and he resolved to apply no more.

"In this period of his affliction, his case had been the subject of conversation in the presence of Sir J. Y——, a spirited and gallant officer, the younger brother of the Earl of H——. This fine character had a heart always open to the wounded spirit. He was

for ever rendering services to the fallen, although his relations were incessantly endeavouring to impress upon him the policy of bartering his patronage for parliamentary support. He scorned their narrow maxims, and as my father's case was of a nature to afflict his generous heart, he immediately offered him all which at the moment he was able to procure—a commission in the military service. This was accepted, and the army, that unfailing refuge for the proud and the poor, was to be my profession.

"Never shall I forget the feelings which my uniform and my sword aroused in my youthful heart. The active preparations for my departure spread the indescribable joy of hope, of novelty and expectation through my frame. Happy age, where the elastic spirits, the vigorous current, the flush of novelty gives a joyous cast to all which but a few years strips of its gilding, and reduces to the charmless standard of reality.

"During the activity of my equipment, my father's anxious mind contemplated all the chances, the vicissitudes, the dangers I should have to encounter on my entrance into the

world, and he advised and reasoned with me incessantly on my conduct. My mother, in whom the maternal affection was most astonishingly ardent, was differently affected during this expectancy of my departure. She became absent and comatose, or at other times restless and uneasy. She was silent, her eyes were swollen with tears which glistened in their orb, but which never passed the eyelid.

"The morning in which I got up early to depart, my poor unhappy mother rose to take her final leave of me. She continued in the same mood until the servant announced that the last moment of my stay had expired. She started as if from a trance; a flood of tears burst from her swollen eyes, and she caught me to her breast in an agony of grief. At this moment I feel the ardent kiss she impressed upon my lips, and never shall I forget the expression of her face. She put into my hands twenty guineas, which she had saved for me out of her scanty pittance. She again embraced me, and would have spoken, but her grief overpowered all effort of utterance, and the servant forcing me into the carriage, I left this excellent mother, little thinking that I then looked upon her for the last time.

"My affection for her was strong, and I never think of her, even in this, my winter of life, without feeling the current of my heart thawed by affection. But so volatile, so evanescent are the attachments of youth, that before many hours the different objects on the road began to engage my mind from that which ought to have occupied it much longer. Happy are those parents who marry early, and who are, at the period when they must send their children into the theatre of life, themselves of that age of buoyant spirits when the gay scenes of the world can relieve them from the grief of separation. But still happier are they that live till their children have passed the period at which they think little but of their pleasures, and arrive at that age of seriousness when they revert to their parents, and exhibit the assiduousness and the tenderness of filial love. Alas! such was not the fate of my honoured parents. In the decline of their life their children were at the busy period when pleasures solely engross them, and both my father and mother went to their God ere any of us were old enough to moderate our worldly gaiety, and to derive our happiness by contributing to theirs.

"I arrived at Portsmouth, presented my letters of introduction to my commanding officer, was introduced to the mess, and the next day I paraded the streets of the town in uniform, which allowed me to think of little but of myself and my appearance. I have yet in my mind a vivid remembrance of the joyous expectation, the zest, the desire with which youth first launches into life. Each scene is new, and therefore pleasurable, every companion is esteemed a disinterested and honourable friend, and the heart is poured out in delightful confidence. But soon do the fairy visions of youth fade before the paralyzing clouds of reality. Sober truth dissipates the delightful visions of juvenile ardour, and the world soon stands disclosed in all its dull, insipid, and appalling monotony. Perhaps the human frame is not subject to a greater contrast than our feelings of expectation in youth and the satiety of middle life. Military society is, of all society, the most vapid and dull. The principal ingredient of happiness appears to be the having an object in view which can excite hope and require exertion; and of this ingredient military life is totally destitute, except when it is actually engaged in

the field. It is a source of consolation to me to reflect, that if I was for a few months the victim of the idleness and frivolity of a military life, I was never seduced by its vices, or a participator in its dissipations and profligacy. I soon became tired of the inactivity and sauntering of garrison duty, and I began to reproach myself for the valuable time which I had suffered to pass without any pursuit worthy of a rational being; really I thought to myself, life is not meant merely for drinking, gaming, tattling, lounging, and dressing, the usual occupations of the soldier. I began to reflect seriously of my profession and of my associates. I found that my companions cared little about the cultivation of the mind or the improvement of the heart; their sole wish appeared to be the attainment of the utmost animal pleasures and amusements, and their efforts were to conceal their shallowness and depravity by the appearance of grace and politeness. I designed for myself certain occupations; I was to study for so many periods of each day, and certain points of perfection in literature and science were to be attained by me. But perseverance and consistency were, unfortunately, no components

of my disposition. These resolutions were formed, but they were soon ineffectual to restrain my wandering mind; the breach of my plans was lamented, new resolutions were formed, which soon experienced the fate of their predecessors. I had nobody, moreover, to direct my studies, and consequently my object was often too high, and the path I took to attain my object was not the most easy or direct. Failure dispirited me, although highly conceited of my powers, yet such was my inconsistency, that the least difficulty in my pursuits immediately afflicted me with an irritable impatience, and a conviction that my powers of mind were insufficient for their object. My vanity, however, persuaded me that I was clever, and I immediately resorted to some other study, which, for want of perseverance, or by some point of difficulty, I equally soon discontinued. When I subsequently found, in the course of my reading, that men of the brightest genius had often been long retarded by difficulties not more serious, I became more satisfied with myself, and often have I regretted that from an ignorance of such facts, my youth had been passed alternately in exertion under the impulse of pride

and natural vigour of mind, or in irresolution and apathy, under the dejecting influence of disappointment and want of confidence in my capacity.

"At length I fell under that deep melancholy which so often preys upon energetic and ardent minds that are undisciplined and allowed to feed upon themselves for want of proper objects on which to exercise their powers. I abstracted myself from my companions, I ro[illegible]d for hours every day in the country, I [illegible]ht with tenderness upon my virtuous a[illegible]ctionate home, I dwelt with disgust upon the selfish and mean objects of my companions. My mind formed the most romantic and utopian adventures, in which the purest love and the brightest honour were continually engendering the most delightful feelings and producing the most exalted actions. No friendship nor acquaintance was now of any continuance with me, the standard of human conduct which my speculations had created was far too high for human frailty to reach, and unconscious of this, I made no allowance for the weakness of nature, but became outraged and disgusted by every body, as I successively witnessed in them the

instances of pride, of meanness, of oppression, or selfishness. Thus did my time unprofitably pass, in framing these burning scenes of fancied perfection, till chance afforded me the means of employing my intellect in pursuits hardly less delightful, and infinitely more useful. The reveries of youth arise solely from ardour of mind, and when age has calmed the energy of passion, they leave the understanding at once unable to continue its pleasure, and disqualified from enjoying any less stimulating and more sober amusements. But it was my fate now to be called to more permanent and worthy pursuits.

"At this time there was introduced to dine at the mess, a gentleman who was ordained to have a considerable influence over my future destiny, He was a tall thin man, of a fine and expressive countenance, the lines of his face were strongly marked, and there was the singular contradiction, that whilst his complexion exhibited a clear and bright red, which bespoke health and temperance, the deep furrows in his countenance seemed to betray the powers of excess and dissipation. His dress was inclining to the old fashion, but appeared as if it had been supplied by trades-

men of the first order, and though his clothes were rather worn and shabby, they were remarkably clean, and were put on in a style of propriety which few can acquire who have not been early accustomed to dress for elevated society. This gentleman, on his first entrance into our mess-room, impressed me with an involuntary emotion, which was betrayed by an earnest gaze, that fortunately was unobserved by him, for it was so marked that it must have betrayed that want of controul over the public expression of our feelings of which well bred people are seldom destitute. This stranger seemed reserved and taciturn, but yet he appeared to show a quick and lively attention to every thing which was passing around him. His face often expressed a strong feeling of benevolence and pity, but I thought it as often betrayed a disposition to satire and irony. I several times, in the course of the day, caught his calm yet piercing grey eye intently fixed upon me, and I rapidly withdrew my glance, nor was I for some time able to regain my tone of composure. But what surprised me in this gentleman's behaviour was, that although elegance of manners and good breeding appeared a second nature with

him, he yet exhibited to many of the officers a behaviour apparently inconsistent both with genteel life and sound judgment. With persons who were gross and openly profligate in their sentiments he dexterously took advantage of every opportunity to indirectly lash them with the most indignant and contemptuous severity. With those who were more insidious, cautious, and refined in their vices, he most happily applied a satire equally powerful, but more delicate, and of the most polished and classic description. There were many weak but good humoured and well meaning men in the regiment, with these he blended in the most lively thoughtless gaiety, and forgetting his superiority of intellect, he became completely one of them. It was admirable to see the facility with which he could assume all forms and stations, from the severe and lofty satire of a Juvenal, to the courtly and polished irony of a Horace; and from this station to the good humoured frolic of the gay and careless. I found he was held in the deepest respect by the regiment, and had acquired all that influence over his companions which is the natural but mighty effect of superior intellect. But what appeared most in-

consistent with his power of understanding, and with his discrimination of character, was his manners towards a Captain Montagu. This officer was the pride of the regiment, and indeed was esteemed the ornament of the service. He was a gentleman of good estate and family, well informed on most subjects, he was known to be of decided bravery, he was elegant in his person, he excelled in all the military exercises and more manly diversions, and was in the possession of every polite and fashionable accomplishment. He was the boast of our corps, and whenever men of rank and title dined with us, Captain Montagu was depended upon for entertaining them with success, and with inducing them to depart with favourable recollections of the day they had spent. Nor did this officer appear to have any vices beyond what were common in fashionable life. He was eminently superior on the race-course, and yet had sported for little more than what men of his rank usually sport for. He was esteemed the best billiard player of his day, and yet nobody could charge him with playing for more than noblemen and wealthy gentlemen commonly play for. As to his gallantries, they were esteemed fashion-

able vices; the effects of a noble, free disposition; on this point he was the envy of the men, and appeared to be an object of admiration with the women. Much conversation passed between Captain Montagu and our guest, whose name was Upton, but it appeared to me that the Captain betrayed signs both of respect and fear at our visitor. Indeed he had some occasion to feel deference, for not only did Mr. Upton evince a much more powerful, but an equally elegant mind with the military paragon, but he frequently wrung from him the flush of shame and mortification, by touches of satire, and sallies of wit inimitably happy in point of classical purity, intellectual depth, and polite refinement. There were many slight allusions to events and circumstances which seemed to affect and alarm our brother officer, but they were touched upon with such discrimination and judgment that it was impossible for him to resent them by even a look or an expression.

"It appeared to me inconsistent and inexplicable why Mr. Upton should draw forth the whole power of his mind to harrow the feelings of a gentleman who was the admiration and boast of all who knew him. I was particularly

chagrined and aggrieved at this behaviour, as Captain Montagu had honoured me with his marked attention, and I was envied by every body for having so early acquired the friendship of one whose acquaintance was a passport into all fashionable and dignified society. After the company were engaged at cards, or were in that rather noisy conversation which wine produces, I observed that Captain Montagu and Mr. Upton had taken advantage of the general occupation of the party to retire to the other end of the room. I observed that their language was very earnest and emphatic. Mr. Upton appeared calm and resolute, whilst Captain Montagu seemed agitated by some strong emotion; I thought I heard my name twice mentioned, and directly Mr. Upton emphatically used the words exposure, dishonour, and I thought I heard him use the expression of deciding by the sword. Immediately after, this extraordinary man joined the company with the same unconcern as if nothing had occurred, nor could I gather any thing from a subsequent perusal of his face.

" I observed that I was the only person in the *mess* to whom Mr. Upton had not addressed conversation of some sort. When he took his

leave of us, I found he had often been our guest before the present occasion, and that every body seemed both to like and to fear him. He certainly made a deep impression upon my mind, I reflected much upon the union of power and ease which his conversation displayed, his figure haunted my vision, nor could I drive from my mind the expressive glance of penetration which he had several times directed towards me. I observed too, with inexpressible concern, that from the day on which this gentleman dined with us, my friend Captain Montagu seemed less solicitous for my association, nor did he press me any more to accompany him to the house of his friend Lady Belton, with whom he had previously been more than commonly anxious that I should be intimate.

"This was really a charming family, and every member of it had treated me, from my first introduction, with such a polite attention, that I had almost got domiciliated with them. Lady Belton was not much liked in the world. She was insufferably proud, not well informed, was rather violent in her disposition, but her two predominant vices were an excessive jealousy of her husband, and an unconquerable

disposition to tattling. But with all these faults, she was yet an excellent woman. A doatingly fond mother, an affectionate wife, and a warm and sincere friend. My Lord Belton's fine person, his talents and his habits of business would have made him a conspicuous figure in the State, had not his frank and generous temper, and his abject submission to the controul of his wife prevented his running a successful political career.

"The eldest Miss Belton was justly the pride and happiness of her family. She was, as yet, almost too young to love, but was much above the general scale of beauty and of figure. Her large black and languishing eyes bespoke a tenderness and a goodness of disposition in which no being on earth could surpass her. Many a happy hour had I passed in conversation with this sensible and truly excellent young lady, without dreaming that a more fervent sentiment than friendship was gaining deep possession of my heart. I was by nature always fervid, or totally indifferent, but when passion took possession of my mind, my heart was like an Etna, and every other feeling was excluded. In the family of Lady Belton I became intimate, and my restless

disposition so little inclined me to remain inactive in my quarters, and having no other object of pursuit, I was constantly with this family, and at last they bestowed on me their friendship and confidence.

"The natural consequence of this intimacy, before long, evinced itself, I soon too fatally found myself desperately in love with the elder daughter of his Lordship, Miss Emma Belton. My first consciousness of a tenderness for this young lady, arose from the extreme pain with which I viewed her intimacy with the gay and insinuating Captain Montagu. I perceived, or I thought I perceived, a great embarrassment in her looks, whenever they exchanged a glance, and whilst in her eye there was an expression of watchfulness and alarm mixed with tenderness, his countenance bespoke indifference, or rather a forced attention. I was at one time about to question Captain Montagu on his affections for this young and interesting creature, but I was prevented by the reflection, that as yet I had no right whatever to take such a step. Emma viewed me with complacency, but nothing like looks of love, or an expression of such a sentiment, had passed between us. Mine was an internal

passion, but too strong to remain long concealed. I was as yet ignorant what were her sentiments towards me.

"The ardent complexion of my mind soon rendered this perplexing state of doubt and love intolerable; I reflected again and again upon the inconsistency of Montagu's conduct. That he once loved Miss Belton I had convinced myself by observation; that she ever returned his love I had, I hoped, reason to doubt, but that his elegant person and fine face, with his graceful and specious manners, had obtained for him some degree of her regard, I was convinced. That he loved her no longer, was but too evident. But the difficulty of reconciling his conduct to any of my opinions was the earnestness with which he had promoted my constant association with Emma, even at the time of his decided passion for the young lady. That he should throw us so frequently together now, was less surprising, as his present indifference to her was hardly to be doubted.

"Tormented with these and similar doubts, the attention which Captain Montagu bestowed on Emma, however ordinary, was beyond any thing painful to me, and I at length resolved to speak to him upon the subject.

"I met him one morning upon the ramparts, and as he accosted me with more than usual frankness and warmth, I resolved to address him upon the subject. I was agitated in the extreme, which he was too observant not to notice, at length screwing my courage to the standing point, I frankly told him, not exactly of my passion, but that I was *as every body must be*, in short, said I, hesitating, I am in common with others, anxious for every thing that concerns so young and lovely a creature, and I beg you earnestly to confess to me whether you have any attachment for Emma.

"He turned short upon me, and with a laugh of ridicule at my awkwardness and embarrassment, began with 'No, my dear Mandeville, I am not in love with Emma, but I can tell you that *you* are, you might as well have left out of your question that statement of your motives, 'like every body else, in common with others.'

"'Good heaven, Montagu, *I* in love with Miss Emma, how can you—'

"'How can you? How can I, what, Mandeville, how can I see, I suppose, what is plain enough for grimalkin to see in the dark,

or the bird of Minerva to see in the glare of the sun.'

" 'Nay, Montagu, I assure you—'

" 'Nay, my dear Mandeville, do not give me any of your assurances; you have no assurance to spare, nor hardly possess enough of it to carry you through a ball or a dinner party. But let me assure you that 'forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,' and that unless you can render your eyes less treasonable to your feelings, you will have all the internal man as plainly exposed as the sun at noon: and your friends will find you but little adapted to pass through a world in which to feel one thing and to look another is the grand manœuvre.'

" 'But, good heavens, Montagu, you cannot say that I ever, by my looks, betrayed to the world any love for this young lady, you are so penetrating.'

" 'My good fellow, let me ease all your doubts on the subject. Perhaps you are more in love than you are aware of, and the discovery is no compliment to my sagacity or penetration, for your countenance is so ingenuous, few can mistake your feelings; and lucky is it for you that your feelings are of

the right cast, or every body would know them. Now, my dear Mandeville, let me assure you that in Emma's presence your eyes beam with love, and your whole conduct so evidently shews it, that a fellow must be a dolt indeed who would not vouch for it with his life.'

" 'Well, Montagu, if it is so, it is more than I know, and as to my babbling tell-tale eyes, I must discipline them; but, now reverting to our former subject, tell me in truth, do you not, or did you not once intend to pro pose yourself to Miss Emma Belton.'

" 'Pshaw, Mandeville,' said he, with a sardonic smile, 'marry Miss Belton indeed, marry Miss Belton, a simple, pennyless child.'

" 'You have no intention then of cultivating her affections?'

" 'I tell you, Mandeville, that if your course is matrimony, and she your load-stone, you have no need to fear me as a rival cruizer. I would rather prosper the voyage. May your gale blow favourably.'

" 'Well,' replied I, with my mind relieved from a dreadful weight of apprehension, 'I really understood that you were desperately in love with Miss Emma, and that you intended

to play Benedict. Have you, (I added, without really having any meaning in the question) lately seen Mr. Upton?

" 'Upton,' cried Captain Montagu, with his eyes flashing fire, and his face suffused with crimson. 'What has he told you—he pledged his honour not to betray——'

" 'Be not moved, Captain Montagu, Mr. Upton has told me nothing. I have not seen him at Lady Belton's, nor any where for this month.'

" 'Oh,' said Montagu, recovering his composure, 'I suppose the fellow is on one of his cursed philanthropic expeditions.'

" 'Is he not a man of honour and feeling?'

" 'Oh, Mr. Mandeville, I can be your friend and acquaintance, if you please. But I can act a Palinurus for nobody. If a man cannot see for himself the shoals and quicksands of life, his bark must suffer shipwreck. A pilot's office is too responsible a charge for me.'

" 'But, Mr. Upton has no right, and cannot have the impertinence to interfere with my wishes.'

" 'You may spare yourself the trouble of concealing from him your plans—for whatever they may be, he is sure to find them out. The

fellow has an eye and a mind that would penetrate to the centre of the earth. He keeps, I believe, a set of sylphs, gnomes, fairies, or (with great emphasis) witches, or demons,' said he, clenching his fist, ' for nothing I believe in this life ever was or will be, that has not been or will not be discovered and marred by his cursed interference.'

" ' I shall shew Mr. Upton, that I am not to be injured with impunity, if he dares to thwart my wishes.'

" ' Any thing you please with Mr. Upton, but don't mention my name to him ; and further, let me beg you not to bring this subject of Upton and the Belton family on the tapis again, for it is very unpleasant to me ; and I leave the regiment this afternoon, on a month's leave of absence, to my uncle, Lord Turnborough, in Leicestershire, where, if you should come to that part of the world, I should be happy to introduce you.'

" Thus ended our conference, and although relieved from my jealousy of Montagu, I found my passion, which I thought a profound secret, to be known to every body, and I had done little more by the explanation with my friend, than exchange my jealousy of him for

apprehensions of a different sort with Mr. Upton.

" I was painfully perplexed by reflecting upon this conversation. So totally unexpected was Captain Montagu's assurance, that he had never designed to marry Lady Belton's daughter—his contemptuous expressions of her, his violent agitation at the name of Mr. Upton, and the fear and suspicion with which he had inspired me for that gentleman, threw me into that state of mind, in which a man's feelings rendering him desirous of coming to an unerring conclusion upon a subject upon which he has no certain data, his resource, or rather his weakness, is to go the same uncertain road of argument over and over again, and at last terminate his reflections without satisfaction or confidence.

" After harassing myself for many hours in this labyrinth of ratiocination, I at last saw that that which I could not elucidate or explain, ought not to disturb or chagrin, and I came to the resolution of thinking no more of any thing relating to Captain Montagu, or his disclosures, than the consolatory fact that I had nothing to fear from him as a rival.

" The next evening I spent at Lady Belton's.

His Lordship was absent, and the evening took a tone of family privacy highly delightful to me, who had seen nothing of family society since I had left my father's roof. Miss Emma was evidently indisposed as well as distressed in mind. She was melancholy and abstracted—Started suddenly at being spoken to. Her cheek seemed flushed with fever, and the mild lustre of her large and expressive dark eyes, was dimmed by tears which she was not always successful in concealing.

"I was agitated by a thousand conflicting emotions. Her youthful beauty was rendered interesting by her tone of sorrow, but when I could attribute that sorrow to nothing but Montagu's departure, I was driven to a delirium of despair and anger.

"Violent in all my feelings, and never taught to guide, much less to suppress my passions, I passed a night of furious jealousy. Emma's beautiful and delicate form, just assuming the proportions of loveliness—her artless and innocent countenance, at once so expressive of sensibility and intellect—the pure and correct tone of her sentiments and disposition, fired my mind with a creation of even ideal perfection. The love, the first love of a girl of this

age, was what added a thousand ideal charms to the hopes of possessing her, but when I found that her young fancy had already been attracted by another, when I reflected that her young love had already been given, and to one who now evidently disregarded her, the object was despoiled of all its interest. I pictured to myself what she might have been to me, and reflected that such I could never possess her. I was driven to despair.

" My romantic mind could not fancy a second attachment. Love to my ideas was the heaven of bliss—it admitted of no degrees of quantity, of quality, of time; it was, according to my youthful enthusiasm, the one great divine passion, the etherial passion which absorbed every other emotion of the soul

" Such an object of love Emma could never be to me, and to me therefore she could be no object at all. In paroxysms of despair and wretchedness, I passed the ensuing week. The charm of life was broken. The first dream of love, to me the only dream, was dissipated and gone. I was gloomy and forlorn. For a week I did not call on Lady Belton. At length I called at a time of the day when I was sure of not seeing Emma. Her Ladyship gently re-

proached me, for, she said, 'neglecting the family during the absence of Lord Belton.' She asked me to tea that evening. I declined the invitation. I was indisposed—she requested my company to dinner the succeeding day. I was obliged to assent.

"The next day I repaired to the house as to my tomb, but I had persuaded myself that I had succeeded in acquiring a philosophic indifference to all earthly objects. The party consisted of nobody but the family, myself, and Mr. Upton, who had not appeared amongst us for some weeks.

"Mr. Upton's address to me was at once ingenuous and friendly, but I had now conceived a suspicion of his character, and I gave him my hand with reluctance, nor could I divest myself of embarrassment in conversing with him. On Emma there was a most decided hectic melancholy, but Mr. Upton's deportment towards her, was that of a most tender and doatingly fond parent to an only child under affliction. He was all attention, and his tones were impressive, and seemed drawn from the inmost recesses of the heart. They were received by Emma, as if with a consciousness of their benevolence, and I observed that Lady

Belton was evidently gratified by the attentions he paid to her daughter.

"It now appeared but evident to me, that he who had anticipated me in Emma's affections, was not the gallant and admired Montagu, but the more grave and sedate Mr. Upton, whose age was at least equal to that of her father.

"Although Emma still appeared to me loveliness itself, it was yet to my fancy, but loveliness in ruins. I ceased to regard her with enthusiasm. I wished not to possess her, and yet I envied and cursed him who had pre-occupied her affections. I now abhorred Upton, and at length conceived something like disgust, that Emma should be enamoured of a man so disqualified by age to be the suitor of one so exceedingly young. When alone, Emma and her paramour engrossed all my attention, and alternate fits of deep melancholy, or paroxysms of raging fury entirely possessed me. Reason, the medicine of the soul, could not assuage my distemper; and strange as it may appear, the only balm I could find to my feelings, was the society of Lady Belton and her family. When in presence of Emma, she appeared to me only what she was, the loving

and beloved of another; it was when alone, that my mind, roaming over the past, I pictured to myself the young Emma, whose girlish bosom unknown to love, had first its fires illumed by myself. I pictured to myself this. and raved at what I had failed to acquire.

"For three months I was a daily visitor at Lady Belton's. She appeared to have adopted me as her son, and Lord Belton's kindness towards me transcended even that of his wife's Emma ceased to excite in me the enthusiasm and ardour of love, but her soft impassioned sorrows, which like a worm preyed upon her young and damask cheek, created in me a tenderness, a thrilling gentleness of the heart which no words can describe. I was melted to the softest pity for this lovely victim of a sorrow which I could trace to no cause. Montagu had long ceased to occur to me as a person who had won her affections. Upton I conceived was her lover, her accepted lover. Her parents, I knew, had too much generosity to force, nay, would be most delicate even in influencing her attachment. I conceived, therefore, that Mr. Upton must be the object of her unrestrained choice. Then whence her sorrows.

"Alas, although under the conviction that Mr. Upton was her destined bridegroom, my sympathy for this weeping and pensive object of loveliness, became too strong to admit of any peace, or to submit to reason. It often perplexed me to reflect, that although Mr. Upton was a man of almost supernatural penetration into the hearts and minds of those with whom he conversed, he was the daily witness of the poison of love which my heart was receiving from the presence of Emma, and yet he evinced no jealousy, nor the least uneasiness at my constant presence at the house.

"Lady Belton one day unexpectedly announced to me, that the next week the family would leave Hampshire for their town residence. The prospect of their departure occasioned me indescribable regret. I became pensive and melancholy to a degree of affliction, when I received a letter from Captain Montagu, couched in the warmest terms of friendship, and in which he informed me that the villain, Upton, had ruined every prospect of his earthly hopes.

"Two days prior to the departure of the family, I made an early morning call. I entered the drawing-room. Emma was alone,

and standing abstracted in silent sorrow, unconscious of my presence, she presently sunk upon the sofa, and wringing her hands, burst into a flood of tears. I gradually advanced to the sofa, instinctively I took her hand, and almost unconscious of the action, impressed upon it a soft and timid kiss, it was the offspring of pity. She withdrew her hand hastily but not in anger. She was surprised at my presence, and tried to conceal her grief.— Losing myself in the fervour of real passion, I exclaimed, ' My dearest friend, my Emma, oh pardon my familiarity, could you but make me the depositary of your sorrow, that sorrow which I have so long witnessed, and which has torn my heart asunder; could you but impart to me the sources of your affliction. I have honour, I have fidelity, I have discretion. Could my sword, could any earthly service avail you. Oh, name it, Emma.'

" ' Alas! Sir, what is it you propose—oh leave me, leave me: Mandeville, for heaven's sake, leave me.'

" ' Emma, my dearest Emma, do not impose on me a doom so cruel. Oh, God, you know not, Emma, the life of torment I have passed since first I saw you. Racked, torn

by one continuance of maddening jealousy and disappointment, I saw you as an artless lovely child, and hailed your promised excellence. I watched your fast approach, your verge to womanhood. I loved you. Oh, Emma, yes, I loved you, vehemently loved you. My burning spirits poured like lava through my frame. When, oh heaven (striking my forehead) my peace destroyed by my suspected rival, Montagu, that maddening doubt removed, I loved again with ardour, with renovated ardour, and now to find a second rival, Upton, the cursed, the hated Upton.'

"'Heavens, Sir, what is it I hear? Oh, Mandeville, you have suffered under a dreadful delusion. But fly me, I pray you, fly me, I at least have misery enough. Torment me no more. Oh, let us not torment each other. We never can unite. I'm wretched, most lost, most wretched. My only wish is now, that you spare my feelings, and leave me to my wretchedness.'

"'Emma, dear Emma, your words are daggers to my heart. I know, alas, alas, I know too well, I never can be thine. Oh, Montagu, my friend, why feed my heart with these shallow hopes.'

" 'Mandeville, I can hear no more. If you love my peace, I conjure you to leave me. I cannot in duty, in principle, I cannot, must not, hear you.'

" 'Emma, I know it well. Montagu warned me of my rival, Upton. I ought not—oh, how dare I, to such a pattern of excellence and purity, pour out this fatal passion of my soul.'

" 'Heavens, Sir, what a sad double perplexity and delusion you have acted under.—You do not think me betrothed to Mr. Upton——'

" 'Yes, yes. I have heard it all. That good and excellent friend, Montagu, pronounced him villain. Oh, this burning forehead. I have heard him sigh——'

" 'From pity, Mandeville, not from love.'

" 'I have heard his deep impassioned tones. Oh, I have watched his eye. I have heard his vehement voice, when I dared not look, nor speak, nor sigh, nor hope. Oh, God.'

" 'Oh, Sir, let me put a stop to this; let me assume the stronger sex, and reason with you. Mr. Upton is a good and worthy man, my more than father; he never talked of love, no, never thought of me, nor I of him. Mr. Montagu has, Oh, yes, Mandeville, he has indeed practised on you a vile delusion, but

oh, how I hate the name and subject. Mandeville, oh think of me, of my sad feelings; leave me, I pray you, leave me.'

" 'By heavens, I cannot leave you. What, are you not Upton's, nor Montagu's? Are you still the angel of virgin purity?—Your first love.—Heavens, do you faint? Emma, my love, my dearest Emma, revive, look up angel of peace—did I overcome you by those words? forgive me. Soft, she revives. Emma, forgive me. I will calm my fervour, joy has struck into my heart. I have no rival, then, Emma——'

" 'Mandeville, in the solemnity of truth and resolution, hear me. I cannot, never can be thine. I am not another's, but I never can be thine. I esteem you, I value you, I admire your talents, your chivalrous honour. Nay, Mandeville, forgive my weakness, if I say, I love you, but we never can unite—press me no further, in honour, in mercy leave me.'

" 'Upton has dissuaded you from my suit.'

" '——— He has, but——'

" 'On the poverty of my parents.'

" 'Oh, no; on objections more important far.'

" 'Oh, the heartless villain, the merciless fiend——'

" 'Stay, Mandeville, you injure him. Upton's an excellent man, my best and only friend; his reasons for preventing our union, have been imparted to me and to my dear mother. We have both assented. His reasons——'

" 'Gracious heavens—the smiling, canting villain; his proffered friendship, his candid manner, his offered hand. It was but yesterday——'

" 'Stop, Sir. I conjure you, Mandeville, if you value your Emma, if you can forget your own blind passion and feel for me, I conjure you yield to circumstances. I feel most sincerely for you, dear Mandeville. I esteem, I love you. It is more than I ought to say—oh yes, I love you, but I never can be your's.'

" 'Let me then imprint this kiss upon your lips, let me bathe this hand with my tears. Say, Emma, if you love me, would you, but for these mysterious circumstances which you will not divulge, would you be mine.'

" She remained motionless; her dark black eyes bathed in tears, and directed towards their kindred heaven — a perfect statue of youthful loveliness. I pressed her to my heart. I fervently kissed her hands. I was

lost in contemplation of her afflicted attitude and grief-struck countenance. I would have spoken. I paced the room in doubt, uncertainty, and love. Mr. Upton, followed by Lady Belton, entered. I was too empassioned, too desperate to fear consequences. I saluted Lady Belton with the respectful, earnest manner due to her who I thought ought to be my mother-in-law. I crossed Mr. Upton with a fiery glance of defiance and revenge. Both saw that some explanation had taken place between Emma and myself.

" Lady Belton seemed far from chagrined at our interview ; Mr. Upton appeared downcast, and to regret it.

" I told Lady Belton she must, of course, be aware of my attachment to her family, that I had much to say to her on the subject, and I trusted to see her, and to have an opportunity of conversation before we parted. I abruptly took my leave.

" Returned to my lodgings, I raved in hopelessness and despair, miserable was I indeed : my frame could no longer support the consuming agitation of my mind. For three nights I had slept not. This night I threw myself on the bed-clothes ; I had a short, per-

turbed sleep, and a dream calculated to increase my malady. At five I left my lodgings, and roamed distractedly round the ramparts of the garrison. Day began to break; it was bitter cold; a dry and frosty morning of January, with a piercing easterly wind; I was insensible to the weather; the sun began to shew its upper tint above the horizon, when on a bench, at the angle of one of the bastions, I perceived, at a distance, Mr. Upton seated, and watching the rising luminary. With his breast open, and with no other covering than the clothes of summer, he was sitting insensible to the severe and inclement morning. I approached him with a hurried and disordered step, my mind on fire. He arose, and walked forward to meet me, with a cheerful and open countenance.

"With rather a joyful frankness of manner he offered me his hand. I was infuriated at this insolent triumph of his temper. I pushed aside his hand with vehement indignation.

"'Insolent, fawning villain, I know you; Providence itself has thrown you thus strangely in the way of my just revenge. Think, fiend, oh demon, think of Emma, snatched from my love by your vile insidious arts. Take my

defiance, wretch,' said I, hurling my glove from my left hand violently against his breast. 'Draw, Sir, draw; outraged humanity is on my sword; let conscience strike you powerless.'

"My rage was so ungovernable that he saw his danger; I should have slain him even supplicating on his knees. He sought protection in his sword. It flew from its scabbard.

"'For heaven's sake, Mr. Mandeville, forbear, you are deceived, you are not yourself. Be calm, let me explain.'

"'Coward, reflect on the wrongs of Montagu, my friend; reflect on Emma.'

"I was a good swordsmen; I assailed him most furiously. He fought retreating, and solely on the defensive. At length he sent my sword out of my hand, quivering in the air, by a motion of his wrist hardly perceptible.

"'Well, Sir,' said I, tearing open my bosom, 'strike the heart that my arm could not defend; take my life, and do the only deed of mercy you ever did; take the life you have rendered wretched, the only compensation you can make for your accursed villainy.'

"'Take your life, Mandeville,' said he, with inimitable softness of manner, 'I wish to pre-

serve your life, to guide it, to make it happy, to render it joyful to yourself, your friends, your parents.'

"My madness was unabated, or increased at this compassion from my enemy. 'Sir,' said I, 'your superiority in this weapon implies not your excellence at all, and whilst a thought of Emma animates my heart, my arm shall seek revenge.' I flew from him.

"The day was passed in inconceivable agony. That evening I was obliged to pass with the Belton family. I bathed myself to recover my appearance. Upton had picked up my sword, and had, with great delicacy, left it himself at my lodgings, wrapt up as a new purchase, lest any body might suspect the mortifying truth of my having lost it in combat. But I loathed the sight of the weapon; and so mortifying was it to think of being conquered, that I resolved to wear one no longer.

"That night I went to my friends without one; I entered the drawing-room at eight. The family were assembled, but a gloomy silence had evidently been reigning before my entrance. As I approached to the table all eyes were upon me; my wild and haggard looks seemed even to terrify them. Emma

was sitting alone by the fire, at the further end of the room; she was abstracted, and unconsciously beating the mantle-piece with her finger; she looked at me mournfully, gave a slight inclination of her head, her large and soft black eyes glistening through her tears. I seated myself by the sofa-table, about ten minutes passed without the utterance of a word, except from the two children playing at the table. At length the door opened, and Mr. Upton entered; he was cordially greeted by the family, and, with his back to the company, saluted me with unembarrassed and softened composure.

" A little after he addressed himself to Emma, and tried a thousand ways to amuse her feelings and to engage her in the passing scene and general conversation, but all was in vain. I had not dared to approach her myself, but her look of submissive wretchedness had nearly burst my heart. At ten o'clock, before leaving the house, I assumed resolution to take advantage of an opportunity of approaching her, without exposing myself to general observation.

" I accosted her with a tremulous tenderness, 'Emma, you seem very unhappy. I trust

in heaven I am not the cause. I thought myself the most wretched of human beings. I fear you exceed me in misery. *I* could bear unhappiness, but your soft and tender form—' She looked at me wistfully. 'Oh could *I* relieve you, could I take upon myself your sorrows. Emma, I have but one favour to ask of you, grant me another interview to-morrow.'

" 'I am, Sir, in the hands of my parents.'

" 'They will not object to your seeing me in private, for one quarter of an hour. It will relieve me from an age of wretchedness. You will grant me this one last favour.'

" 'I fear it is impossible.'

" 'I trust not, Emma; I must see you. Do not fear any more violence of passion from me; your sorrows calm me; I can be calm; I have learnt to suffer. You will meet me, I hope.'

" 'There is a fate in all things; and fate is sadly adverse to me. I fear we cannot meet, an interview would only distress us both.'

" We were interrupted by the approach of Lady Belton. I took Emma's hand, to wish her good night; I pressed it to my lips. 'Good night, Emma,' I said. 'Farewell, Sir,' was her response. 'Adieu, I wish you happy.'

" 'Lady Belton, excuse my earnest manner of wishing your daughter good night. I ought to have spoken to you of serious matters long ago; but I have lacked in resolution, and have wavered in doubts; but I entreat you to let me converse alternately with Emma and yourself in private, to-morrow. Such sorrow as Emma now suffers will bring her to the grave.'

" 'Mr. Mandeville,' said Lady Belton, 'we all esteem you very much. Your own disposition, Mr. Upton's high opinion of you, have won you *more* than our esteem. I wish we might be still better friends, but a complication of misfortunes now assail us. Farewell, Sir, both Lord Belton and myself, and Emma too,' said she, looking tenderly at her daughter, 'wish you all possible happiness. Adieu.'

" I left the house, conceiving this a tacit consent to our interview of to-morrow.

" My night was sleepless, but more calm than any I had yet experienced. Emma's mild and resigned appearance wrought my feelings to a tone of the gentlest sorrow; I contemplated our meeting of to-morrow, and resolved at least to know what objections Mr. Upton had created against me, in the eyes of Emma.

" The thoughts of the approaching inter-

view entirely engrossed my attention; but next morning, immediately after breakfast, I was most astonished to see, entering my apartment, Mr. Upton himself.

"'Mr. Upton, it is astonishing to me that you persevere in your insensibility to your duty, to the necessity of your keeping apart from me. What, Sir, can authorize you to trespass upon me now, four and twenty hours only since we met in deadly strife, and the cause of that strife existing stronger than ever. Do you, Sir, wish, by your command of your passions, to act the superior nature, and to awe me to submission to you, as my higher genius? What, Sir, authorizes you thus to assail me?'

"'Mr. Mandeville, I call upon you to explain many points, which, when explained, may reverse the present hostile relation between us.'

"'Sir, I want no such explanation; all the explanation of your conduct requisite to my knowledge of your character and enmity, I have already received from my friend Captain Montagu and Miss Belton; I cannot be intruded upon, nor will I—'

"'Mr. Mandeville, I have ever felt the

strongest interest in your behalf, from the first day of my seeing you. My intimate knowledge of your father—'

" 'Your knowledge of my father?'

" 'Yes, Mr. Mandeville, our boyish acquaintance at school was ripened into friendship during the early years of our existence. I received from your father an obligation which—'

" 'Which, Sir, you have repaid upon his son. Now, Sir, let me tell you, that not even the name of my beloved parent can stifle the deadly hate I bear towards you, for the cruel injury you have done me by prejudicing against me Miss Emma.'

" 'Mr. Mandeville, it is that misconception I have called to remove.'

" 'Sir, I want no explanation from you of that or of any other circumstance. All the explanation I require I expect to receive in a few hours, from a more sacred oracle of truth and impartiality, from Miss Emma herself.'

" 'Lady Belton and her family left Hampshire three hours ago.'

" 'Sir, you do not, cannot say so. Miss Emma and Lady Belton both consented to see me this morning.'

" 'You labour under a misconception in that particular; neither Lady Belton nor Miss Emma thought it consistent with prudence to hold with you the conference you desired; but they wished you farewell, as an indirect indication that they were to see you no more.'

" 'How every thing turns out to my misfortune! I will follow them; I will come to an explanation with Lady Belton and her daughter; I will follow them immediately.'

" 'Your pursuit would be fruitless, and it would, I am convinced, give Miss Belton and her mother both pain and serious displeasure.'

" 'Well, Mr. Upton, is this another of your wise and prudent plans, which are to testify the interest you take in my welfare. I am surprised, Sir, I am indignant, outraged, that you venture personally to afflict me with such an unexpected disastrous disappointment, at a moment of excitement and of just resentment against yourself for your—'

" 'Stop, Mr. Mandeville, you have suspected me unjustly; you have called me villain, hurled your gauntlet of defiance at my breast, assaulted me with your sword, and now pursue me with rancour to your own destruction. But my line of conduct is not to be

shaken by headlong rage, or persevering error. I have now called upon you, at the entreaty of Lady Belton, and with more than the consent of Emma. Here, Sir, is her note to you, in which you will find that out of regard and feeling to you, she entreats that you will listen to me with patience, and exchange with me esteem, friendship, confidence.'

" 'Joyful to my heart is her expression of attachment to me, but how can even she expect to command my sympathies towards one who foiled Montagu, my friend, in his attachment to her, who himself stepped in and wooed at the shrine of excellence, and finding himself rejected, coldly, artfully, malignantly used his opportunities to blast my hope, my reputation.'

" 'Sir, I never thought of Emma as a lover, I am nearly related to Lady Belton, and have known her daughter from her earliest infancy; I have rocked her cradle, played with her prattling on my knee. I have guided her studies, formed her sentiments; I saw her worth, and loved her, as a fond, a doting parent, but never as a lover; my age, my sacred trust forbade it, my inclination never prompted—'

" 'Montagu thought differently.'

" 'Montagu knew otherwise, he was a wretch in whom every vice of nature centered. He has paid at length the forfeit of his crimes.'

" 'What, is he dead; you have not, Sir, I hope, used your sword to his loss?'

" 'I am no duellist, Mr. Mandeville, I never draw but in self defence, and then use my weapon only to the extent sufficient for my protection.'

" 'Has so accomplished a gentleman fallen then in a private broil?'

" Lament him not as an accomplished gentleman, nor prostitute the most exalted title which man can well acquire. It is not an estate, connection, a graceful manner, nor an elegant person; no, it is not to dance, to sing, to ride, or use your weapon well, that constitutes a gentleman; no, it is not even a brave heart, nor a generous purse, that confers the rank of gentleman. All these Montagu pre-eminently had; but the mastery of his passions, the spirit of justice, the tender sympathy for the woes, the conditions of others; these crowning points, these key-stones of true gentility, Montagu never had. Mistake not, my young friend, the gay and accomplished man of the world for a true hearted gentleman.

Montagu's estate, connections, person, manners, were fortuitous, and vices or virtues according as he used them. His heart was constitutionally daring, and his arm was strong, but never was it used but in policy, or to accomplish selfish villainy, or in impudence, to triumph over the just resentment he excited. Montagu was not generous, generosity springs from feeling; 'Who does a kindness is not therefore kind.' He had a carelessness for money, and pride, mere pride of superiority often made him give what in fact he did not value. His vices would have made him a pauper, though too politic to outrage good manners by excess of gaming, or excesses of any sort; but his exquisite skill rendered the race-course and the card-table a moderate but constant resource to his dilapidated finances. Strong was my effort to reclaim this bold, bad man, who was infinitely more dangerous, that his cunning, his prudence, and his elegance, veiled all his vices. But the crime of his nature, the ruling passion, which he carried to the most atrocious extent, was his faithless love to the sex. No age, friendship, kindred, not the rights of hospitality, the sympathies for fallen fortune, could restrain his wan-

ton and unprincipled course. The wife, the daughter of his dearest friend, even where taste and passion did not stimulate, were sacrificed to his disposition. It appeared in him a senseless organic vice, a brute-nature, the mere wantonness of sin, and his insolent triumph over those whose spirit led them to revenge the injured, was equally degenerate and unmanly. Thrice our swords crossed. It was my casual lot, in the first instance, and a sense of duty afterwards, which propelled me to mar several of his schemes.

"My first acquaintance with Montagu arose from his attempt to seduce the orphan daughter of an unhappy officer, whose wife had died of a fever, whilst attending on her husband, in the service under the Earl of Peterborough, in Catalonia. This brave subaltern knew but too well the small proportion of profit or advancement which the government bestows on those whose claims on the country are unsupported by parliamentary influence. But his bold and restless character determined him to win his way to promotion, if possible, by the sword. He headed a forlorn hope, was shot, and his son and daughter left to starve. Montagu's specious, artful man-

ners won upon this destitute and unprotected female. His apparent courtship had travelled to the ears of a spirited youth, the brother, who was supported humbly by service behind a counter. He questioned Montagu as to his designs, and had penetration to discover the scheme of his dishonourable intentions. He claimed the privilege of a soldier's son, and challenged Montagu. The youth's humble fortune had prevented his acquiring a knowledge of arms, and Montagu basely took advantage of his personal superiority. In the first lunge Montagu's sword pierced the brother's heart. The duel would, of necessity, have soon been known to the sister; this accomplished villain therefore used his utmost art, and succeeded in persuading this confiding girl to elope with him, on the promise of an immediate marriage in London. An accident to one of the horses obliged them to put up for assistance at a small inn, about fifteen miles on the journey. But here the corpse of the murdered brother had been conveyed by some countrymen, who had found it on the field of combat, about two miles off. The sister beheld the fatal sight, and it being mentioned that a letter was found in the youth's

pocket, she desired to see it; it was directed to herself, and briefly, but in the most feeling manner, told of all he knew of Montagu, and conjured her never to hold converse with him more.

"She refused to proceed with Montagu; he in vain endeavoured to persuade her. At length she resolved to retrace her steps, guarded by one of the servants of the inn. Montagu appeared to acquiesce, but representing the danger of the road, proposed that one of his servants should accompany her. The simple girl assented. The servant purposely delayed their progress, until about a mile from the inn, on the borders of the forest, he assaulted the girl's ignorant and inefficient attendant. Montagu and his retinue were, of course, by previous concert, in waiting, to assist their accomplice. Providence ordained that the villain's schemes should recoil upon himself. It was midnight, and knowing the danger of the road, on the borders of the forest, I was hastening as much as possible to arrive at the inn which this party had previously left. The piteous cries and entreaties of the girl assailed me from a distance. I ran to the spot, and made enquiries as to the

cause. Montagu did not condescend to veil his purpose by any specious tale or device, but imperiously bade me to depart. The lady, wringing her hands in grief, implored my protection. I calmly told her oppressor, that without wishing to enter into the case, there was ground enough to induce me to request that he would return to the inn, where, the next morning, a neighbouring magistrate might decide upon the protection the lady might require. At this moment the servant who had accompanied her from the inn, commenced a resistance against those who were holding him. Montagu saw his situation was critical, and darting from the carriage, attacked me with fury, it was a night attack, and all was therefore chance. We inflicted on each other a deadly wound. The servants placed their bleeding and now insensible master in the carriage, to convey him to the inn. They were also about to convey with him the lady; but, by a vigorous effort of nature, I was enabled to make an exertion in her behalf. She was left with me alone; she bound up my wound, and remained by my side until passengers conveyed us to a neighbouring parsonage, where I was humanely treated. My

temperate habits enabled me in three months to recover of my wound. Montagu's hurt was of more serious consequence to him, he was a twelvemonth ere he could resume his career. In the mean time I had restored the object of his delusion to peace and reputation, and she is now the wife of a highly respectable retired tradesman, a Mr. Holles, who resides in the neighbourhood of the garrison; and I have often the pleasure of spending a day with her fine and numerous family, and the mother's conduct is exemplary.

"Montagu on his recovery, was enraged to reflect, that by my interference he had been foiled in a scheme which had cost him so long to mature. He attributed the wound he had received not to my better swordsmanship, but to the uncertainty of a night rencontre. Nor could his high spirit bear the idea of a conqueror. He challenged me to combat. I declined the invitation. But our paths crossing each other, our meeting was unavoidable. I did all I could to avoid it; at length, however, he one day intercepted me in one of my morning rambles, in which I was accustomed to enjoy 'nature's freshness.' He upbraided me in the most bitter and vindictive terms. I

shielded myself with sarcasm and cool replies, till losing all patience, he attacked me rather like a ruffian than a gentleman. Montagu was no mean swordsman, but I parried all his thrusts, and finally disarming him, I took no advantage of my superiority, but that of counselling him in future to let his sword rest in its scabbard, unless he could draw it in a better cause.

" He now offered me his hand in friendship, and I frankly pledged him mine; for I not only thought him sincere, but I trusted by my intercourse to win him to a better life. But Montagu was thoroughly destitute of honour.

" About six months after this affair, I was the means of detecting him in a scheme of the most heartless and complicated villainy. At Portsmouth there resided a gentleman of good family, whose pride of birth seduced him to a style of life far above his income, and whose hospitable and generous nature involved him in inextricable difficulties. This unhappy man died, and left his family destitute; and what can exceed the wretchedness of persons, genteel and well descended, who from their superior mode of education, are unable to gain their support but by the exercise of those useless

but polite arts or accomplishments, in which so many are already driven by misfortune to trespass upon the regular professors.

" For this numerous and unfortunate family, Montagu expressed the greatest sympathy, and his exquisite cunning, and ability to act the part of sentiment, of delicacy, and high feeling, had enabled him to win the entire and unbounded confidence of a family so unfortunately circumstanced. He had procured for the eldest daughter, he informed her, the situation of a governess in a family, where she would be treated with all the respect and tenderness due to her age and her fallen fortunes. This lovely and interesting girl was to have left the poor but safe retreat of her tender and feeling parent in a week; and the fond and anxious mother weeping at the prospect of separation from a child so young and inexperienced, had reiterated caution and precept with all the emphasis of maternal fondness. The girl herself wept bitterly at the humble fate to which she was reduced, she deplored the necessity of leaving her happy and once almost affluent home—her only consolation was to reflect that her exertions would contribute to the support of her mother and sisters,

now deprived almost of the very necessaries of life; and as to her personal sufferings, she derived consolation from Mr. Montagu's assurance that she was going to reside with a lady, from whose sympathy for the unfortunate, she might expect to find a second home, a second mother.

"This unfortunate girl was then in her eighteenth year. Shall I mention that Montagu had laid his plans to bear her to the house of an abandoned woman, who lived in London as his procuress, and who on this occasion was to act the part of the parent who needed the services of the young lady as a governess to her daughters.

"By the merest chance I discovered the whole scheme. I directly taxed Montagu with his baseness. He endeavoured to conceal his villainy by the ignoble subterfuge of falsehood. But my information was too circumstantial and correct to be baffled by his assurance or protestations. With the most depraved, there is generally some point which they will not violate. Such was the inconsistency of this man, that though destitute of the slightest spark of honour, though capable of perjury itself, yet would he not on any ac-

count violate a pledge he gave on the sanctity of honour. I obliged him, therefore, to promise, on his honour as a gentleman, to discontinue his designs upon this family, and on the same gage, to promise that he would never again directly or indirectly injure them in any one point of view. As meanness in pecuniary affairs was not his vice, I made him in this instance entrust into my hands a considerable sum of money for the relief of the family in whom he had excited such false expectations, and I bestowed it upon them, without letting them know from whom it was derived, lest the mother might have rejected the gratuity of a man who had plotted her daughter's infamy. Montagu had now left me to pass a few months, he said, in the north of England. A fortnight after this affair had been settled, I was walking on the beach, alternately in solemn contemplation, and regarding the beams of the midnight moon reflected in the calm and silent sea. The town clock had just struck the hour of twelve. I had been beguiled by the beauty of the night to a later walk than I was aware of. I had stopped to count the clock, when, at its last chime, three men, apparently smugglers, and armed with cutlasses, rushed upon

me from behind a boat which lay upon the beach. I fled rapidly, and should have distanced them, but turning a mass of rock, my flight was intercepted by a man with a naked rapier, in the garb of a sailor. My retreat cut off, I became desperate, and resolved to sell my life as dearly as possible. He who had intercepted my flight, fell instantly at my feet My sword as instantly pierced the heart of one of the three united assailants, his nearest companion was desperately wounded; but I had received a severe cut upon the breast, and a second wound on the leg, which prevented my pursuing the remaining ruffian, who was thus enabled to bear off his disabled companion. He fired at me in his retreat, and the ball penetrated my left arm. The report of fire arms had brought to my relief a body of custom-house officers, who were on the look out for smugglers. They bore us to the neighbouring signal-house. One of my assailants, a tall dark, ruffianly looking fellow, had apparently expired on the spot. His companion gave signs of animation; on taking him into the parlour of the officer of the signal-house, what was my astonishment, when between the distortions of countenance, occasioned by a

deadly wound, I discovered the features of Montagu, whom I conceived to be some hundred miles off.

"Him whose soul had fled, the officers recognized to be the daring leader of a numerous and desperate gang of smugglers that had long infested the coast. Such was this man's character for ferocity and prowess, that no three officers dared to assail him; and the terror of his name was such, that he carried on his depredations almost with impunity. Montagu, of course, the officers could not recognize, but, from his better clothes, and from his wearing a rapier instead of a cutlass, the ordinary weapon of a person in his garb, they conjectured he was a foreigner. I knew now that if Montagu recovered, his life must pay the forfeit to the laws. But my wish even in this moment of anguish, was to save and not to sacrifice. I reflected that the desperate wound he had received from my arm, if it did not deprive him of life, would at all events deprive him both of the means and inclination to live at least a life of active vice, I was resolved, if possible, to save him. I therefore gave no account of myself or of the transaction, but was silent whilst they were binding my wounds.

" As soon as they had succeeding in restoring Captain Montagu to consciousness, I exerted myself to speak in a tone sufficiently distinct and loud at once to console him, and to convey to his acute and practised mind a hint of my plan for his escaping the vengeance of the law, so justly due to his crime. 'Gentlemen,' said I, addressing the officers, 'you are totally mistaken in this affair. This person who lies wounded by my side, is my friend, a gentleman of estate; we had had a personal quarrel, and he met me on the beach to decide it by the sword, but our combat had hardly commenced, when unknown persons interfered, and drew upon us; in the general confusion of a midnight combat, we have all received serious injury, and this poor man on the floor has already breathed his last.' The meaning of this version of the affair, I saw was caught by Captain Montagu; and I received no other reply to it from my auditors, excepting their joy that I had been the lucky means of killing a fellow who was the terror of the whole coast.

" I was conveyed to my lodgings on a litter, and so severe were my wounds, that I was confined to my room for nearly seven months,

during which I was affectionately nursed by the mother and daughter, in whose cause it appeared that my life had been risked.

" On the third day of my confinement to my bed, my feeling and anxious nurse, cautiously announced to me that a dark stout man, in a blue great coat and oil skinned hat, had been three times that day, to entreat me to see him for a few minutes, and he was to call again in about an hour, to know if I would speak to him. His description answered to that of a poor honest farmer's labourer, whom I had recently relieved from great distress, and who was now going to sea. I therefore told my friend, when he arrived, to shew him into my chamber, and let us be alone, as I had private matters to communicate to him.

" I had fallen into a short and unquiet slumber, and muttering indistinctly in my sleep, had induced my kind and grateful nurse to imagine me awake. She had therefore ushered this stranger into my room, and had closed the door on him as he entered. I had reposed in slumber it appears, for a quarter of an hour after the entry of this person. I had been dreadfully agitated in this short and broken repose, and had dreamt of nothing but my

combat. I conceived in my sleep that I had been overpowered, that I lay prostrate, and was wrestling with my antagonists on the beach. I had grasped the pillow with convulsive energy, and clenching my fists and grinding my teeth, with the diseased strength of my fever I awoke ; what was my horror to see standing over me, the powerful figure of one of those ruffians with whom I had three nights before been engaged, and whose dark and furrowed face I recognized.

" Scarcely in my senses, I raved ' wretch, would you assault me on my death-bed? Fear hell, tremble at the judgment.'

" My scream brought my attendants into my chamber. I was delirious for some minutes, until the realities about me had more thoroughly roused me from the terror and confusion arising from my dream.

" The superstition of the stranger was awakened, he conceived he was witnessing my transit into that world into which his crimes had hurried me, and thought of nothing but of ghosts and demons.

" Addressing himself to my nurse, he exclaimed, evidently under the influence of terror, ' I could not injure the gentleman for the

safety of a cargo. I can't abide to see a person die, and if the gentleman is dying, and his spirit is in the room, we had better open the shutters, and stay all of us close together. I wouldn't have come here on no account, but only Pattieson is dying, and has seen this gentleman's ghost, and the ghost has told him three times that he shall go to the devil, unless the gentleman forgives him first, so poor Pattieson has sent me here, Sir, just to beg you to forgive him before he dies; and it is no use to meet as enemies in the other world. We all fought bravely, and so the gentleman may as well bear no grudge, but make it up with a dying sinner, as one may say.'

"I now recovered my composure, and I conceived the whole of this fellow's intentions and the object of his visit; and as I wished to speak to him on matters which might concern Montagu, I directed my attendant and her daughter to retire and leave me alone with the stranger. They were about to withdraw, when the fellow catching a firm grasp of the woman's gown, cried out, 'Lord bless your soul, Marm, don't go; if the gentleman should die whilst you are gone, and leave me here in the dark, with only his ghost and I and the corpse!'

" 'For shame, man, you will depress the gentleman's spirits, and make him worse. You must leave the house, for the doctor said the patient must not be disturbed.'

" 'Why, Marm, as to come for to disturb a dying gentleman, it is what I'm sure I wouldn't come for to do, especially when the gentleman who employed us to waylay him, said he was the biggest villain, and if he didn't repent would go to hell.'

" 'Out upon you, man, the gentleman will yet live. The doctor told me to say so to him, and keep him from all ideas of dying, and here you are come and——'

" 'No, no, Marm, the doctor is out in his reckoning this here voyage, for the gentleman, as sure as the main-mast, is dying by his eye, and no man recovers, as they say, after they have got the rattles and have seen the ghost; and haven't the gentleman talked to his ghost three times before you came into the room, and didn't he say——'

" 'Friend, I have not strength to support this ludicrous and yet serious dialogue; as you will not be left in the room with me alone, my attendants will stay at the further end of the room, and sit you down by the side of the

pillow, and let me ask you, what could induce you to assault me who had never offended.'

"'Why, Sir, we had never seen you to be sure, but Mr. Jones said he would give the captain whom you killed, a hundred guineas, and all of us thirty guineas a piece.'

"'Mr. Jones? Mr. Montagu you mean.'

"'No, Sir, I don't. I mean Mr. Jones.'

"'What sort of a man was this Mr. Jones?'

"'Why, Sir, he was the tall gentleman who crossed your hawse, and cut you off on the other tack by the rock, and who you boarded before we could get alongside of you. I suppose he is dead, as you let daylight into him.'

"'I see you mean Mr. Montagu; well, and what were you to do with me for this blood money.'

"'No, Sir, it warn't blood money neither, for we all agreed that if you didn't attack us, we wasn't to fire or to cut you.'

"'What were your plans then?'

"'Why we were to take you prisoner, and just put you on board the boat you seed us come from; and then we were to pull you about six or seven leagues from shore, and to

put a pig of ballast to your feet and throw you overboard.'

" 'And this act of cool deliberate villainy you call more innocent than shedding blood?'

" 'Not more innocent, Sir, but you must acknowledge it was more safe to us, and it was all the same to you.'

" Whether I was sabred or drowned. Who then proposed this drowning scheme, your captain or Mr. Jones?'

" 'Oh, captain wished to pistol you on the beach, but Mr. Jones said it might alarm the custom-house officers on the look out, so he said we must take you to the offing.'

" 'Dreadful villainy; and how will you answer for it in the life to come?'

" 'Why, Sir, that is just what Pattieson is thinking of.'

" 'And who is Pattieson?'

" 'Why, Sir, the man you know that you run through the liver, and who I carried off on my shoulders, and who gave you a shot just before he fainted, and tumbled off my back; you know well enough who I mean.'

" 'And what can that wretch expect of me?'

" 'As to expect, Sir, he says we were all brave men together, and we fought for it nobly;

and after a battle's ended, as one may say, there is no use to be bearing malice when an enemy's just striking top-sail, and his soul going to the Lord knows where!'

" 'And this is what you call a battle.'

" 'Yes, Sir, and a right hard one, and had we known what sort of a gemmen you was, I am sure our captain would have made Mr. Jones have given us t'other ten guineas, and have had two more hands.'

" 'And what can make your fellow, Pattieson, so desirous of my forgiveness.'

" 'Why, Sir, because the doctor says his liver and bowels are run through, and he can't live; and he has been deleerous, as they say, since his last cup of grog; and he has seen your honour's ghost three times, that told him you were dying, and would appear and swear against him in the other world.'

" 'My strength fails me, and I cannot let you stay any longer; but say, if I forgive Pattieson, have *you* no desire to be forgiven?'

" 'Why, Sir, I am not dying yet.'

" 'And have you no repentance for the villany of intending to drown a man for the trifling bribe of—'

" 'Not a trifle cither; thirty guineas.'

" 'Go, Sir, and reform your infamous life; follow some honest trade, and quit the society of smugglers and murderers, and—'

" 'Why, Sir, as to that matter, we are almost pretty much alike for honest lives. Arn't you a gentleman, and does nothing for your livelihood, and lives at ease, and takes poor hard-working people's money from them, and calls it rent; and doesn't the tradesman, in his turn, always cheat the gentry; and what if I runs a cargo, and cheats the Government, that lives by cheating every body else. I pays my way honestly, and works hard for my living. But, Sir, you'll forgive poor Pattieson before he dies; you keep me so long pallavring he will be dead before I gets back, and then there's no saving his soul.'

" 'And are you not afraid to appear in my presence, lest I should have you apprehended?'

" 'Why, Sir, before I come, d'y'see, I larnt that you were too far gone for that.'

" 'You are a wrong-headed man, and an incorrigible fellow. It is no use talking to you; so tell your companion, tell him—Yes, I forgive him, and tell him also—'

" 'No, Sir, I only wants to tell him you says you forgive him, and that's Christian like

of you, and so I hope you may die more easier than Pattieson, and not go to hell: and Marm, for nursing the kind-hearted gentleman that I gave the stivers to over the breast and leg, and who forgives poor Bill Pattieson, you have only to call at the Blue-Achor, on the Cliff, at any time, and ask for Bob Wilson, and a keg shall cost you no more than it should cost his honour there, if he wasn't to die. But if you says a word about what has passed between me and this here gemmen, remember (shewing a pistol) every child you are mother of is kidnaped, and carried to sea, and trust us, we know what to do with ladies and gentlemen in them matters; they never comes back. And if you gets over this bout, Sir, and should want just such a turn done for you, as we have done for your enemy, Mr. Jones, you may count on Bob Wilson.'

"About a month afterwards this incorrigible fellow suffered the sentence of the law, for shooting a revenue officer.

"When I was able to leave my room, and walk out in the air, I called upon Captain Montagu. He was yet confined to his bed, emaciated and desponding, but death had no terrors to him, further than that it formed the

cessation of earthly enjoyments. He took me by the hand, implored my forgiveness, spoke of my great generosity in saving him from an ignominious death, by representing as an affair of honour what was, in fact, an attempt to assassinate. He vowed a total reformation of his life, and promised the utmost submission to my counsel if he recovered.

"He did recover, and for about three years we were companions as close as our different propensities, and the different degrees of our fortunes could well enable us to be. My object was to reclaim him; but the effects of his late wound had rendered him extremely feeble, and I mistook for reformation what was no more than an inability to sin.

"He has at last finished his career. Last week he eloped with the daughter of a Mr. Vallerton, a half-pay master and commander of the navy. This superior and unfortunate officer had lost his arm, the sight of one eye, and his leg, in three successive battles. He had been engaged in forty-seven actions, and had received thirteen wounds, during an active service of thirty years, in every quarter of the globe. Poor Vallerton had no interest, and never could get further

promotion. His last rank had been acquired not by his great merit, but by jumping over board, and saving the life of a nobleman's son, a midshipman on board of his ship. Vallerton sent a memorial to the Admiralty Board, detailing his wounds, his battles, his long and meritorious services, and praying promotion to the rank of post-captain. For six months his memorial had remained unnoticed further than by the secretary's usual official letter, acknowledging it to have been received. In this state of suspense, the first-lieutenant of his ship, a man who had seen no service, a puny and coxcomical son of a wealthy baronet, memorialized the Admiralty for promotion, his second-cousin having just lost his life in the service, by a chance shot. In three weeks this man received the rank of master and commander; and before Vallerton's memorial was decided upon, he obtained his commission as a post-captain, and consequently was Vallerton's superior officer. Poor Vallerton retired in disgust from the service, and shortly after, the sight of his remaining eye, which had been previously injured by a wound, entirely failed him. He lived in poverty, his only child was his nurse, companion, and ser-

vant. Montagu was liberal to him for two years, supported him in comfort, and at last effected all the objects of his charity. He eloped with the daughter, and the veteran father, in a fit of despair, destroyed his existence.

"But the unfortunate suicide was the brother of a Captain Vallerton, of the Lion, a sixty-four gun ship, just arrived at Spithead. This officer immediately set off to the spot of his brother's catastrophe; he pursued Montagu, and they met at St. Albans. Vallerton was of an undaunted nature, and although aware of Montagu's great skill as a duellist, and at every weapon, he immediately called him out. Montagu, knowing Vallerton's intrepid disposition, chose to decide the combat by the broad-sword, at which he was unrivalled. The contest, although vigorous and desperate, was long and doubtful, till at length Vallerton's better cause prevailed. His sword inflicted a tremendous wound in his antagonist's viscera.

"Montagu was at length convinced that his course was run. He had no spleen or revenge in his disposition, but every thing was done by him on a system, and for some ad-

vantage. His attacks on me were merely to rid himself of a man who had stood, and was likely to stand, between him and the objects, which he pursued through life. He disposed of his property with calmness and prudence. He provided liberally for the woman with whom he had eloped. He left a considerable sum for me to distribute, according to my judgment, amongst the different persons whom his vices had distressed; and these bequests being made, raising himself in his bed, he exclaimed, 'of all men on earth, I would now wish to see Mr. Upton. There is one crime of my life which weighs heavy on my heart. Could I send, in confidence, my death-bed profession that I loved her, yes, truly loved her, and her alone: but I have made all the compensation in my power, I have left Emma all the residue of my property. Could I but ask her forgiveness? Could I but now exchange those vows of love which once I violated!!' His last moments were passed in such fruitless regret and unattainable wishes.

"And now, Mr. Mandeville, shall I proceed to relate one circumstance of Montagu's conduct, which most nearly concerns yourself.

" 'I am astounded, Mr. Upton, at what you have already related; and Montagu, was this the admired of all men, the man to whom I poured out my heart, whom I considered as the paragon of excellence, and for whose feelings, injured, as I thought, by your injustice, I was ready to sacrifice my life in revenge. I am astonished, Mr. Upton, at your forbearance towards me, at your continuing to interest yourself in my behalf, after my outrageous violence; forgive my unwarrantable excesses, Sir—'

" 'With all my heart, Mr. Mandeville, upon the condition that you do not ever allude to them again.'

" 'But, Sir, yet explain to me one thing; why, Mr. Upton, why, when you saw my affections so deeply engaged towards Miss Belton, did you so cruelly mar my hopes?'

" 'For reasons, Mr. Mandeville, that yourself will not, I apprehend, disapprove. One objection, though not an insuperable objection, was your want of money. Lord Belton has lived far beyond his revenue, and is approaching rapidly to a state of great distress; an open hearted man, he fancies others like himself, and conceives that in his difficulties

his friends and relations will assist him ; he little thinks that he will find more difficulty in borrowing one hundred pounds than he ever made in lending a thousand.

" 'But the tale I have to impart to you, Mr. Mandeville, is of so affecting a nature, that unless you can resolve to exercise more command of your feelings than you have evinced, even in the preceding part of my narrative, I can hardly intrust my disclosure to you just now.'

" 'I am likely, through life, Mr. Upton, to have frequent necessity to suppress my feelings. My mortification at my late raving and most unjustifiable deportment, is calculated to make me bear future misfortunes rather in sorrow than in anger.'

" 'At this promise of your commanding your feelings I must relate to you, that about seven months ago I was obliged to leave Hampshire for about fourteen months, to attend to my interests in my native Wales. Montagu was about to set off for Cornwall, and I left him just at the period of his gaining perfect health and vigour after the wound he had received in the combat with the smugglers, and which kept him in a state of deli-

cate and precarious health for nearly three years.

" 'On my return to Hampshire, after an absence, in Wales, of more than fourteen months, I learned that immediately after my leaving the county, Lord and Lady Belton had arrived at their seat, near Portsmouth, which they had not previously visited for about eight years, and they had staid at their mansion ever since. You know, Sir, I am a great pedestrian, and in this instance my journey from Wales was on foot. I arrived at Portsmouth in the afternoon, but having heard of the Belton family being in the neighbourhood, I refreshed myself, and walked over to spend that evening with them. I was overjoyed at seeing my cousin, Lady Belton, and of caressing my beloved and lovely pupil and favourite Emma.

" 'But for the serious consequences to yourself, Mr. Mandeville, I should have laughed at your mistaking my fondness for Emma to be the result of courtship. You little know my age; to be candid with me, say what age do you take me for?'

" 'I must confess, Sir, the disparity be-

tween Miss Belton and yourself would have been very great.'

" 'Not so great as you imagine, perhaps; and what do you estimate me in this scale of comparison?'

" 'Miss Belton is extremely young; yourself, I am at a loss to guess; for whilst your person, your vigour, and vivacity, would make me suppose you young; you must excuse my candour if I say there are appearances in your countenance which would rather contradict that conclusion.'

" 'My object is always to obtain candid opinions, and as I have asked your estimate, you may give it with sincerity.'

" 'I should take the balance of all appearances, Mr. Upton, and draw a sort of average, by the indices of your mind, body, and countenance, I should say you were approaching the age at which they tell us a man is a philosopher, the age of forty.'

" 'My friend, you are far, very far from the mark. The vigour of my body, and the vivacity of mind, arise from my extreme temperance and habits of exercise, whilst the furrows in my cheek, I am sorry to say, are

more the result of early vice and of early sorrow, than of age. I am now more than a sexagenarian, and I should have made but a sorry rival to you in a courtship to one so young as Emma.

" 'But to proceed to my narrative. On the evening I arrived at Belton-Hall, what was my astonishment to see Mr. Montagu at the tea-table, in the thorough confidence of the family, and in assiduous attention to Emma?

" 'He was evidently chagrined at my appearance, and from several circumstances, I conceived it essential that I should speak to Lady Belton immediately, on the subject of his acquaintance.

" 'Montagu seemed determined to set me out that night, of course he had his object; at length I told Lady Belton that I would resume my privileges, and would have the pleasure of inviting myself to breakfast with her the ensuing morning.'

" 'Do,' said her Ladyship, 'Mr. Montagu breakfasts with us to-morrow, and then rides out with Emma.'

" 'But the next morning brought a letter of excuse from Montagu, pleading indisposi-

tion. I consequently breakfasted with the family, without him.

" 'After breakfast I retired into the library, with Lady Belton, and addressing her, 'My dear cousin, I am really overjoyed to see you; but Emma is not the girl she used to be. Six months ago I should have called her a rose-bud, now I should say she was a faint and drooping lily. But how and when did you become so intimate with your new friend Montagu?'

" 'Within a week of our arrival in the county; he was about setting off for Cornwall, in a few days, when our appearance here attracted his attention, and, as he says, 'we have riveted him to the spot,' for he has never left the place since his first introduction. I believe, added Lady Belton, with a smile of self-satisfaction, 'the cause of his remaining here may turn out to be very serious, Mr. Upton.'

" 'Probably very serious indeed, Madam.'

" 'Why, Mr. Upton, you almost frighten me when you assume those looks of gravity.'

" 'My dear Lady Belton, how often have I advised you on the subject of so frankly ad-

mitting persons to intimacy and confidence? Now too that Emma is becoming of an age—'

" 'Oh, as to that, my dear cousin, Captain Montagu is a perfect gentleman, and master of every elegant accomplishment and noble quality. He has quite won the affections of Emma, and you know, Upton, that it is no ordinary person that could succeed with your little favourite. You have often said so yourself. Emma has grown so reserved and sorrowful of late, I am sure she is very much taken with his attention, she is completely in love.'

" 'I am sorry for it.'

" 'Why sorry for it? It will be a capital match for Emma, particularly, Upton, as you know how pecuniary affairs stand with Lord Belton, Captain Montagu is nephew and sole heir to that rich old Crœsus, the Earl of Turnborough, and he is first cousin to Sir Shuffletown Sellervote, of so much celebrity and power in the House of Commons; and Sir Shuffletown is going to bring Montagu in with him for the county, the very next parliament. It will add to our family influence exceedingly. Nothing could be so opportune or so fortunate.'

" 'And poor Emma, my little pet, is she to

be sacrificed, bartered for Lord Turnborough's money, or for Sir Shuffletown Sellervote's corrupt influence in the House of Commons?'

"'Lord, Cousin Upton, how you talk. I am sure you know that neither I nor Lord Belton would think of such a thing if Emma were not really attached.'

"'But, dear Lady Belton, is Emma, a girl hardly seventeen, a judge of character? Might not a specious villain delude a girl of that inexperienced age? Her very innocence and ingenuous temper doubly require a parent's judgment to guide her choice.'

"'But we know Montagu to be a thorough gentleman, and only think of his connection; and we trust him in every thing. He has introduced a friend to us, a Mr. Mandeville, who has just got a pair of colours in Captain Montagu's regiment. Mandeville is a very elegant and very sensible man, and Emma was very much struck with him, and likes him now as Montagu's friend. He is more sentimental and youthful in his manners, more frank, and ready like, in all he says and does, more chivalrous, but he is not, after all, like our Montagu.'

"'I hope not, if he is the grandson of the

celebrated cavalier Mandeville, and consequently the son of my old Eton school-fellow.'

" 'But, cousin, do you know much of Captain Montagu, for, to tell you the truth, he did not seem to be very glad at your dropping in last night? We all observed how he altered his behaviour towards Emma. Emma herself observed it, and went to bed in tears. This morning you might have seen how very ill she looked; did you observe it?'

" 'My observation is seldom asleep. I see and know more than you suspect I know.'

" 'Then I will tell you something that you do not know (getting up and shutting the door,) Montagu has proposed marriage to Emma.'

" 'Through your medium, or at least with your and Lord Belton's consent, I suppose.'

" 'No, I am supposed to know nothing about it. But Emma is all candour and truth, and when I taxed her with how matters were going on, she burst into a flood of tears, and candidly told me that Montagu had offered her marriage, only he had enjoined her to keep it a profound secret from me and her father.'

" 'A scoundrel, a most heartless villain.'

" 'La, why should you call him a scoundrel?'

" 'To win a young lady's affections without the approbation of her parents, to propose marriage to her with the injunction to conceal the proposal from them. Lady Belton, you cannot but see the strong dishonour of such proceedings.'

" 'La, Mr. Upton, young men of spirit will do these out of the way things, and girls of spirit like them the better for it. People are not so stiff and formal as they were when you and I were young, Mr. Upton, and you are so abstract in all of your notions. If a man is not a paragon of excellence, I declare you think so ill of him.'

" 'Whether girls, whom you call girls of spirit, like or approve of such proceedings, Lady Belton, I cannot say. But girls of real spirit, of that spirit at least which honourable men approve of, and permanently like, such girls, I am sure, would feel indignant at such a course. Pray does Lord Belton know any thing of this?'

" 'Not a syllable. I would not have him know of it just now for all the world.'

" 'Emma must be much changed, or she must be completely infatuated, to permit such a course of conduct on the part of Captain

Montagu. But he really, Lady Belton, in positive and unequivocal language offered marriage to Emma.'

" 'Oh yes, he has decidedly offered marriage, but I must confess he has never alluded to the period. He has talked of marriage to Emma twice or three times, but not lately.'

" 'I am sorry for it, sorry for it, indeed.'

" 'You are almost enough to frighten me, Mr. Upton, why should you be sorry at his offering Emma marriage?'

" 'For the plain good reason, that to my knowledge he is on the eve of marriage to another lady.'

" 'I am quite confident in Captain Montagu's honour; and pray who is this other lady?' said Lady Belton, laughing with confidence at her superiority to me in judging of her friend and his intentions.

" 'The only daughter of a gentleman yourself have named. The parliamentary Sir Shuffletown.'

" 'Ha-ha-ha, a ridiculous story somebody has put into your head; some gossiping person who knows nothing of the matter.'

" 'They ought to know a little of the matter.'

" 'Why, who was it told it to you?'

" 'No less than Sir Shuffletown and Miss Sellervote themselves. Lady Belton, you turn pale, command yourself, Madam; you are likely, in this affair, to need greater servics than any I have yet rendered you. Lord Turnborough has arranged to settle a princely sum upon Captain Montagu, on the sole condition of his union with Sir Shuffletown's daughter. Sir Shuffletown, on communicating this to me, gravely added, that the marriage would so consolidate the interests of the Turnborough and Shuffletown families with that of the Montagus, that Lord Turnborough and himself would put into the House three county and ten borough members.'

" 'And what sort of a girl is Miss Sellervote?'

" 'No sort of girl, Lady Belton; as she is, I fancy, full forty years of age; a state approaching to imbecility has hitherto prevented her settling in life.'

" 'I am sure my Captain Montagu will never marry such a woman. I am sure he will prefer Emma.'

" 'Lady Belton, be earnest, this is not a time for levity, I assure you. Yourself and

Lord Belton have often experienced my prudence in affairs of difficulty and importance. Permit me to interfere for you in this most serious transaction. I have greater influence over Captain Montagu than any man.'

" 'Then you could easily bring about a match.'

" 'Nay, Lady Belton, I cannot converse with you with effect, if you persevere in so greatly mistaking your case. But I will see you at this hour to-morrow, and further speak to you on the subject. But it is necessary, I assure you it is necessary, absolutely necessary, that you mention neither to Emma nor to Captain Montagu a single syllable of what has now passed between us. Can I depend upon your secrecy.'

" 'Oh yes, I can pledge you my secrecy, for you really alarm me, Mr. Upton.'

" 'And now, Mr. Mandeville, I hastened to Captain Montagu, but he had purposely avoided me. Determined to see him, I that day dined at the mess, it was the first day I ever saw you, and your strong resemblance to your father, when he was of your age, made me look at you more, perhaps, than was consistent with good manners. You may remem-

ber, perhaps, a low but earnest private conversation which that day took place between me and Captain Montagu at the furthest end of the mess-room.'

"'Yes, Mr. Upton, I perfectly well remember it; I recollect your threat of the sword.'

"'I vowed vengeance on Montagu if he acted otherwise than honourably to the Belton family, I urged to him the baseness of behaving ill to the near relation, the fostered fondling of me, to whom he had vowed eternal friendship, to whom he owed his life and family honour.

"'But I must relate, that between my parting with Lady Belton in the morning, and my meeting Captain Montagu at the mess-table, I had learned, almost miraculously, the whole of his scheme on the Belton family.

"'And now, Mr. Mandeville, command your feelings, I beseech you, when I relate, that I had discovered, discovered by an almost miraculous coincidence of events, that this monster, Montagu, had plotted the dishonour of the young and lovely Emma. He was aware that such an injury could not be inflicted on the family of a man of Lord Belton's rank

without exposing him to serious consequences, and it was therefore a part of his scheme to introduce yourself to an intimacy with Emma, on the double hope, that your young and inflammable mind might prove sensible to Emma's beauty, and by a marriage, foster and conceal his previous success; or if this plan did not succeed, your extreme intimacy with the lady would have given a man of his artifice the means of throwing the suspicion, or even the scandal on yourself, if Emma's dishonour should be divulged.

" 'Mr. Mandeville, I see my narration is too much for your feelings, I will not proceed.'

" 'Yes, Sir, if you please, proceed; my feelings are entirely changed; I am no longer frantic on this, nor shall I be on any subject,— I am calm, and feel no more now than I shall feel all my life; I pray proceed, I am deep indeed in misery; go on.'

" 'But I beg you, Mr. Mandeville, to think less intensely on the subject; but to draw to a close, I must inform you, that on that day, when I dined with your mess, I made Captain Montagu pledge to me his honour, as an officer and a gentleman, that he would discontinue his designs upon Miss Belton and upon

yourself. This pledge was not broken, but must I say it was at best equivocal. Montagu had been but too prosperous, and no longer wished an intimacy at Belton-Hall. The family are, by my advice, about to travel on the Continent.

" 'Mr. Mandeville, you are a man of sensibility and honour, I have made you the depository of a most sacred secret concerning one whose resolution is now to live in solitude. Knowing your romantic cast of mind, and the ideal shrine of purity and excellence at which alone you would pay your devotions, I felt that you were the last man whose affections could be encouraged up to the time of divulging to you the fatal truth. I was confident, even if such a course of duplicity were allowable, with you it would have been worse than useless, it would have ended in ineffable misery to both parties; and heaven knows the lot of Emma is already miserable enough. Say then, Sir, was I wrong in dissuading both Lady Belton and Emma from admitting your addresses?'

" 'Forgive me, Mr. Upton, for the wrong construction which I put on all your actions, my more than friend, my father. You have

saved me from a fearful precipice, but yet I am in the deepest gulf of agony. Poor unhappy Emma.'

" 'You must not leave me to-day, Mr. Mandeville, you are not in a condition to be left.'

" 'Oh yes, Sir, leave me to myself; I am calm; I wish to be alone.'

" 'My friend, your glazed and motionless eye, your pale and trembling lips, bespeak a state of mind more dangerous than the maddening rage by which you were recently agitated. I have already engaged you to spend a couple of days with Mrs. Holles, that excellent lady, whose early danger and whose present happy family I have before alluded to. And I have further plans relating to you, which I must, if possible, mature.'

" It is needless," continued Captain Mandeville, in his narrative, " to relate the number of judicious and feeling contrivances by which my worthy and temperate friend Mr. Upton endeavoured to sooth my melancholy, and to lead me to better pursuits. He was pleased to say that I was a man of talents and of a fine spirit, who had been rendered dangerous, useless, and even odious by a bad, or rather

for want of a good, moral and intellectual education.

"I had fallen into a state of listlessness and melancholy abstraction, from my disappointed affections towards Miss Belton, and the reflections upon the effects which her situation would have upon her tender and sensitive disposition. I became indifferent to all objects, and neglected every thing serious, even the duties of my profession; I wandered for hours every day about the ramparts, with a sluggish unconsciousness almost of my existence.

"On the moderation of these symptoms, my ardent and energetic mind began, for hours, to indulge in sketching scenes of tenderness and sorrow; melting myself into tears at the vision of the young and weeping Emma.

"Mr. Upton, who had been vigilant and attentive to the progress of my disorder, saw that this was the favourable moment to commence the plans which his benevolence had formed for my improvement.

"He had prevailed on me one day to breakfast with him. It was the first time I had ever entered his apartments. They consisted of

three good sized rooms upon a second floor, in a house situated in a very inferior part of the town ; the front and back, however, commanded the view of the sea and of the fields. They were, therefore, airy and wholesome, but except books and instruments of science, they may be said to have been almost unfurnished. Mr. Upton perceived that I was struck with the singularity of his accommodation, and observed to me that his life was very unsophisticated. 'I live,' said he, 'hardly above the wants of nature, my respectable connections, my acquirements and acquaintance with higher life, are, I must confess, very inconsistent with my apparel and accommodation ; but these things, Mr. Mandeville, can be explained to you in a few words, whenever you may be desirous of knowing my history.'

" At this morning meal he engaged me in literary and scientific conversation, and had the art, I believe, in less than an hour, to ascertain the quality of my mind, and the exact extent of my knowledge. He informed me that his habits were extremely studious, that he allotted a very moderate portion of his time to sleep or meals, but devoted the principal part of his day to study or to acts of

consideration to those who needed his services; indeed, added he, ' I give more of my time than I ought to exercise, but I compensate for that error of distribution by often contemplating even abstruse subjects during my rambles or journies. The longest walks, Mr. Mandeville, never fatigue my body, but they dreadfully fatigue my mind; and if no very striking objects occur to amuse me, I am obliged to resort to the creations of my fancy, or even to the strongest exercise of my reasoning powers.'

" Mr. Upton invited me to be the companion of his studies, and so gradually, and almost imperceptibly, did he allure me to the pursuits of literature and philosophy, that at length he awakened in my mind a perfect enthusiasm. For about eight hours a day were we mutually employed in our studies. He read with me the Greek and Latin classics, but he explained them with such perspicuity, illustrated them by the most ready and fortunate references to contemporary authors, to commentators, to history, to the manners and institutions of the people of the country, or to the general principles of human nature; and he so often expatiated upon passages with the

vast and comprehensive mind of a philosopher, or with the glowing genius of a poet and a philanthropist, that classical literature appeared possessed of ten thousand charms of which I had never formed any idea.

" About half of our time was given to philosophy and the sciences, and the intermission of our studies were not less profitably employed. I was his constant companion, and during our familiar intercourse he would analyse my disposition and sentiments; trace what I said to my most secret motives, and often to latent sources, which although obvious when he had pointed them out to me, I had myself not been aware of. And then he would apply to all my faults of temper and disposition, such mild and sensible advice, would convince my judgment of my errors, by such sound reasoning and just views of life and society, that ere long my passions, which had been furious, became under the strictest guidance of reason, and my whole behaviour was the result of the purest benevolence.

" Wonderful was the influence which this extraordinary and excellent man acquired over me, and my affection towards him was unbounded.

"Nothing seemed beyond his great and comprehensive genius. He even pursued with me the studies of fortification and of the military science, and read with me military history with the most judicious commentaries and explanation. He exercised me also in all the gymnastic exercises, of which he was a proficient, and improved my knowledge in the art of drawing.

"It was one December evening, when I was too ill to attend to any serious occupation, that Mr. Upton called upon me to beguile my time over my fire-side. Our conversation turned upon the Beltons; upon Emma's grief having brought on a pulmonary complaint, before which her lovely and delicate form was now prematurely fading. This was a subject which, with all the command he had taught me to assume over myself, was always most distressing, and it was doubly so in my then weak and shattered state of nerves.

"Mr. Upton saw he had touched upon a wrong chord, and immediately glided into a narration of the feats of his earlier days, and at length he offered to give me an outline of his life, which I was exceedingly desirous of acquiring.

"I am the son," said Mr. Upton, "of a cavalier who served the cause of King Charles against the rebels, and who sacrificed his profession, and all his estates for his attachment to his royal master. This loyalist, like many others, soon found that the favours which the crown was pleased to dispense to the loyalists, were distributed in any thing rather than in the ratio of services or sacrifices. My father received a small pension from the government in reward of his loyalty, and to compensate for the large possessions he had sacrificed in the struggle; but he had the mortification to behold much larger pensions bestowed on many whose loyalty had been questionable, and who had sacrificed little or nothing.

"It was by no means a relief to my father's feelings or to his finances, to find that in about fifteen years of a married life, he was able to exclaim in the language of the Mantuan bard,

'Sunt mihi bis septem præstanti corpore nymphæ.'

And to these fourteen daughters, the fates had added a proportionate number of sons, and I was the last of my father's children but two, and it may therefore be supposed that my inheritance was by no means large.

"Unfortunately I was of a careless and ardent disposition, full of headstrong passions, a violent temper, and impatient of all restraint and controul. I was possessed of a great quickness of parts, but destitute of that industry and application which could alone render my mind useful to myself or to others.

"A person of this cast of character, of all others needed the care and vigilance of a parent, or at least of an experienced and judicious tutor. But unfortunately for me, my youth was entirely neglected, especially in those points in which it needed the greatest culture. I had the full advantage of a moral example in the domestic and public life of my father; and I had some few occasional moral aphorisms, but delivered to me in a style of severity little calculated to make any impression but on the mere memory.

"My father was too abstract and contemplative to attend to our dispositions, or even to see our faults until they assailed his nerves, or were otherwise unbearable; he had then neither patience to investigate, nor temper to apply the remedy of reason, or to moderate any punishment in proportion to the nature of the offence, and my mother was totally destitute

of the capacity to govern her family. Faults which ought to have been corrected by her, received no correction or even notice, until they arose to a height which called forth the lash from my father; in short, myself and my brothers were brought up as all families are where the father and the mother are said to pull different ways.

" To add to these misfortunes of my tutelage, my parents died as I approached the age of twenty, and my managing guardian, a worthy but indolent and retired man, unacquainted with life or human ways, was little calculated to apply the right medicine to a mind like mine.

" I was my own master, and the very first action of my life was of the most imprudent cast. I married. My selection was a lady whose form, whose features, and whose excellent temper would have justified my choice, had my finances authorized me to choose at all.

" With this lady I lived in comfortable retirement; but our hearts were both generous and open, our table and our purse were the common property of our friends. My wife and myself were grossly ignorant of household management, and were consequently the prey

of all our tradesmen and servants, the natural consequences of this order of things are obvious. I was soon a pauper, and in the very crisis of my affairs, I was defrauded of a considerable sum by a West Indian friend, who owed me as many obligations as man could owe to man.

" At last my attorney informed me there was no alternative, as I could not discharge my debts, I must resign the liberty of my person. Such a restraint and indignity were of all things insufferable to a person of my tone of character.

" Misfortunes came with accumulated force upon me. At this period of my surrender to a gaol, my wife was confined with her fifth child , and the departure of her husband, with the reflection upon her fate, were not calculated to benefit her health, or to restore her spirits.

" She was left to meet the inquiries, and to bear the insolence of my creditors, and with funds scarcely sufficient for the necessaries of life. I now thought that those who had received my hospitality, and who had long been connected with me in friendship, would display their sympathy at least for my family. But

in this I was miserably mistaken. Even a friend to whom I had been for years most kind and hospitable, and who lived in a cottage within a few hundred yards of my house, saw my children deprived of the superintendance and presence of their parents; lonely and almost destitute, yet did he forget all my former friendship, and bestow on these poor little creatures not the slightest notice, when some few pounds spent in hospitality towards them would in no sense have been lost on a man like me, who never forgot a kindness.

"But I had a brother residing about a mile from my dwelling, in ease and affluence. In the solitude of my imprisonment, it was consolatory to reflect, that this man would have been daily at my house to protect and cheer the drooping spirits of her, who young and ill was left under such afflicting circumstances. I soon learnt that this man had been but about once or twice upon short visits of distant ceremony to my family.

"At length my wife resolved to join me, and share with me the miseries of my confinement. An aunt was to take care of my children, but on the very day of completing this

arrangement, that aunt was suddenly thrown upon an infectious bed of sickness.

"This cruel accident obliged me to receive all my little ones, to lodge with me in a miserable apartment, which would have been wretched even for myself and my wife, for whom our poverty had been obliged to design it. Thus were we, seven in number, confined in a room of about twelve feet square, amidst vermin, the heat of summer, noise, confusion, and wretchedness of every sort. Heaven knows how we supported such misery. And at this time, my friendly brother was living in a large and airy house, with every convenience around him? Such was his selfish unfeeling nature, that he even never asked a child to spend a week with him.

"At length my sister was convalescent, and she determined to resume her kind intentions of taking my children from such sufferings. She drove to the place of my confinement, and on entering my room, was shocked at the state in which I had been living. Our meeting was most affectionate. I was astonished to find her accompanied by my brother, who ascended the dark and narrow staircase

with a caution, perhaps, not unnecessary to the studied elegance of his dress.

" He entered the room on tip toes, as if the very floor would soil him. Saluting me and my wife with an affected air of gentility, he expressed not the slightest sympathy for the wretchedness around him, but surveyed every thing with a sovereign air of contempt, and occasionally with some appearance of nausea.

" I was in earnest conversation with my sister, when having been in the room about a minute, this brother turning to my sister, began to address her with the affected fulness of a fashionable tone.

" 'Well, Eliza, how long do you wish to stay in this place with our brother Edward. I will give you ten minutes (taking out his gold watch) *I* must go and walk, but I will return and fetch you in ten minutes.'

" 'Really, Thomas,' said I, addressing him, 'independent of the many communications of affection, which I must naturally wish to exchange with my sister after her illness, and in my present circumstances, the arrangements I shall have to make with her respecting my children, and my future plans, will, I imagine, occupy more than ten minutes.'

"'Oh,' rejoined he, continuing his fashionable tone of voice, 'I really know nothing of your arrangements, but my time is very short. I cannot stay above ten minutes at the best.'

"'And yet, Thomas, I should think my affairs just now, are so serious, that it is no extravagant wish or request to beg you to waive your engagements, until my arrangements are made with our sister.'

"'Why really, Edward, I have before said that my engagements are important, and that I cannot possibly pay any attention just now to your convenience. All the family have asked me to give them a grand lunch to-day; they have fixed their own time at one, and it is now only ten minutes to one, and we have three miles to ride.'

"'And is this the important engagement which you are to allow to interfere with my melancholy situation?'

"'Oh, I am very sorry for your melancholy situation, but you cannot in reason expect me to let my lunch be spoiled.'

"'Is it *possible*,' said I, with warmth, '*is it possible* that you can put your lunch in competition with the necessity of my making ar-

rangements to rid myself of this terrible state of my affairs ; most unfeeling man.'

" ' Dear me; I am a very feeling man. I think I am very feeling, but you see how I am situated with the family ; if the lunch is spoiled I shall feel extremely hurt.'

" My indignation was aroused ; my sister saw the gathering storm, and in order to avoid altercation, she interfered, and promised to take my children immediately off my hands ; and thus I parted with my brother, on moderate terms of peace.

" I was soon reduced to the most desperate state of want, and in my distress I resolved to apply to a near relation for assistance. I escaped from the prison one evening in disguise, and went to the lodgings of my first cousin, a Mr. Robert William Powell.

" This man had been a loyalist with my father, and had been on terms of intimacy and friendship with him for more than fifty years. He had, as well as his uncle, my parent, been ruined in the political struggle, but although it was known that at one period he had borne arms against the royal cause, yet by dint of perseverance, he had contrived to get from the government about 20,000*l*. in compensa-

tion of losses which he pretended to have sustained by his loyalty towards the crown. It was at a time when he was highly elated with the unexpected receipt of part of this sum, that my abject poverty obliged me to apply to him for relief.

"I represented to him, in moving terms, that I was reduced to the most abject want, confined in the Bench, with my wife and five female children, varying from a few months to twelve years of age. He replied, 'that he had little or no money at his bankers,' on which I requested him to let me have about 50*l.* from the sum of 10,000*l.* which he was about to receive from the Government; to this he was ashamed to give a direct negative, and therefore parried the request by subterfuge and evasion.

"I now urged that my distresses were such that it was almost impossible for human nature to view them with apathy. That considering he was my first cousin, one of my guardians, the executor under my father's will, had been the confidential friend of my father for half a century, had known him in affluence; considering further, that my father had treated him most generously, and had sup-

ported his sister and niece in times of their distress, I imagined he would assist me, especially as he was then revelling in the enjoyment of unexpected wealth, and had but one rather affluent daughter, upon whom to bestow his riches. But I could wring from this hard hearted and unprincipled man neither commiseration nor assistance. And yet, because this inhuman wretch was possessed of an easy address and specious manners, his company was courted, and he was often the guest of persons of sense and honour; so utterly is the world, in its association, indifferent to any qualities but those of good manners and external appearances.

"This Cousin Powell's depravity, this mass of human wickedness, threw over me a disgust for my species. My affairs being settled, I retired, with my amiable family, to live a life of want, upon the trifling remnant of my property. My sufferings increased a hundred fold, by reflecting upon my former comforts. I often exclaimed, in the language of Otway,

'There's not a wretch that lives on common charity
But's happier than me. For I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty: every night

Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never waked but to a joyful morning.
Yet now must fall like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scaped, yet's withered in the ripening.'
VENICE PRESERVED, Act I. Sc. 1.

Miserable was it to behold my wife submitting to toil, and my children in want even of clothing. Wretched was it to look upon my eldest daughter's mild and placid countenance, submitting to the alterations in our living as a mere temporary evil, and fancying the days of our former comfort would soon return, as a matter of course. My anxious mind did little but contemplate the future, and in visions of agony I anticipated the evil of my decease, and contemplated nothing but a better sort of servitude for my children, when they grew up.

" Poverty had long shewn itself in our apparel, and at length want began to exhibit its effects upon our countenances. I could form no hope of relief but in death; and looking round upon my children, in despair, I often asked within myself, why do not some of them die? and then looking on any particular child, I would fancy her dead, and lament over her, and again say, why, poor creature, should you die, be lost to all the joys

of life for want, when so small a sum would support you?

"But soon, alas, my visions began to be too fatally realized. The great destroyer came amongst us, and I was left a widower and childless. I longed, I prayed, that I might now fall the last of the series; but I was left alone. I became sullen, misanthropic, and morose. The only theme of my contemplation was the vices of my fellow creatures. The heartlessness of my Cousin Powell was conceived by me to be common to our nature. I had no sympathy with my species, and I saw every thing through the medium of my misfortunes. Years did I pass in this state of solitary wretchedness; visions of my former family haunted my memory, and were succeeded by no one cheerful reflection. All within me was indignation at the world, and grief for those who had departed.

"At length humanity began to spread some small influence over my feelings. I found pleasure in visiting the obscurities of wretchedness, and in relieving the extremes of human suffering. But this employment often occasioned me a relapse of my former anguish, by reviving in my mind what had been en-

dured by those who were once so dear to me. I flew to science, to philosophy and literature, as a relief to my reflections. My native energy of intellect began gradually to revive, and with its regeneration, happy was I to find that every passion, every desire of my breast, was hushed, and gone for ever. I was now under the most thorough influence of reason, and reason alone; I had no prospects either of joy or misery, no hopes, no fears, no desires, no appetites, no antipathies; all within me was contemplation, it was not apathy, nor indifference, but my actions were guided solely by reason.

"From that hour no feeling for myself has ever revived within me, but the sternness of reason has given way to gentler feelings for my fellow-creatures. I have lived a life of active benevolence; my wants have been reduced to little more than the mere support of nature, even of my small income there is therefore a surplus, and which surplus is bestowed to relieve the afflictions incident to the scenes of many coloured life. I am severe in all my habits, my studies are intense; in exercise I am indefatigable. I am impervious to every severity, or change of season,

and little more than the herb from the brook, and water from the spring are my diet, thus am I in constant health and vigour; my body always capable of exertion, and my mind always unclouded and susceptible of enjoyment. My dress is merely kept sufficiently genteel to render my appearance acceptable to that higher class of society whose follies or whose vices often render me as beneficial to them as I am to the poor.

"And now, Mr. Mandeville, I have entrusted you with my history, a point of no interest, but yet I assure you my character, my acquirements, and the rank of those with whom I sometimes associate being so inconsistent with my habits and appearance, have excited a curiosity in the world as to my origin and affairs, a curiosity I have never thought proper to gratify.

"This history of my friend Mr. Upton increased the attachment I had conceived towards him. There was one part of the narration, however, in which I perceived that he had greatly under-rated his disposition; for I knew, by experience, that his heart was most exquisitely sensible to the happiness as well as to the sufferings of his fellow-creatures;

and if his feelings were under the guidance of reason, that reason prompted him to exertions in behalf of others to an extent which made him a sort of living providence, a guardian-angel of the scenes in which he moved.

"I continued for many months to be the companion of his studies, of his exercise, of his recreations, of all his thoughts.

"I had, at his particular request, accompanied him one day on one of those exceedingly long walks which appeared trifling to him even at his age, although they were quite enough to try the goodness of my more youthful and muscular form.

"We had entered a wood, the shade of which was a great relief from the heat of a September's noon, rendered by no means more moderate by the length and persevering continuance of our walk.

"'I am going,' said Mr. Upton to me, 'to convince you that all events are in themselves nearly indifferent, and that they derive their misery or happiness entirely from our views of them: the contingencies of life are therefore at our command, as to their effects upon our happiness. I will now shew you that the very thoughts of which could once alter-

nately render you furious or melancholy to a degree of insanity, and now you will view it with a sorrow which will be so rational as to answer the purpose for which nature rendered us capable of feeling grief. It will inspire you with a horror of committing sin, with a desire of relieving wretchedness, and the reflection upon your sentiments, on such occasions, will, hereafter, give you the pleasureable consciousness of self-approbation.'

"Hardly had he addressed me thus when we were at the garden-gate of a romantic woodland cottage, so shaded with trees that it was invisible until you had approached it within a hundred yards. Some ten or a dozen cottages, of an inferior description, were scattered within about a quarter of a mile of it.

"'This,' said I, 'might be the abode of the fairies; it seems almost a cottage of the imagination. So simple, so elegant, so rural, so romantic, I could almost indulge myself in a reverie, and fancy the scene ideal, or at least expect the presence of queen Mab or Titania.'

"'That lovely form of fairy elegance,' said Mr. Upton. He was interrupted, we had entered the sitting-room, and the inner door opened; what was my surprise to see approach

us, Lady Belton in a plain homely dress of a nurse. She was no longer the gay, volatile, or loquacious lady of fashion. Her air bespoke seriousness, humility, and sorrow. She shook me by the hand with a degree of warmth and affection. I stood overpowered with surprise, and with the forebodings with which my mind was now filled.

" 'She is yet alive, Mr. Upton,' said the lady. 'She awoke an hour after sun-rise this morning, and being ignorant of the time, she asked if you had arrived. She is calm, but very desirous of seeing you. Mr. Mandeville,' said her Ladyship turning to me, 'your close connection with Mr. Upton, is not unknown to me. I am aware of all you suffered for my Emma's sake.'

" 'Would to heavens, Madam, my sufferings could have mitigated her's.'

" 'Alas, Sir, that alone which could mitigate her sufferings is fast approaching. Mr. Mandeville, you know full well my Emma's wretchedness. It was necessary for us to retire from the world at this period of the consequences of Captain Montagu's cruelty.— Emma resolved never again to appear amongst her friends. She requested a small annuity of

150*l*. a year from her father, and determined to retire and live a humble life of obscurity in the country, where her child might be the only object of her care, can I say of her happiness? We endeavoured to persuade her after her confinement, to allow the infant to be put out to nurse in a borrowed name, and that she should rejoin her family, living in celibacy, but in peace with her affectionate parents and sisters; but no persuasion could induce her to consent to leave her child, 'nor,' said she, 'if it dies, will I ever appear again in the world.' Persuasion was indeed useless, for it was but too evident that her heart was broken, and that her delicate form could not support her under the afflictions of her spirit. Consumption, that unerring scourge, at length assailed her; brought on by grief, it was nourished by that which engendered it. It made rapid strides, and she watched its progress with a silent joy, as a relief to all her miseries. I resolved to attend her to a retreat which would at once be the scene of her confinement and of her decease; the first event has already taken place, and we are in hourly expectation of the fatal catastrophe. Mr. Upton's kindness has procured

us this cottage, and we at present pass by the name of Morville.'

" By the invitation of the mother, we entered the adjoining room. There was a cradle with a sleeping female infant, and on a small tent bedstead, with dimity curtains as white as the driven snow, lay the once innocent and happy, but the now lost, pale, and emaciated Emma Belton. My heart ached at the sight.

" She was asleep, and looked like a statue of faded loveliness. I held my breath in silent sorrow, lest I should disturb her. In a few minutes she uttered a deep sigh, and starting in her dream, exclaimed, ' Great God, forgive, it was my youth's error.' Again she was calm and placid. Her night-gown was close to her chin, the shadow of its frill was reflected upon her mouth, or else her lips were slightly convulsed. The tear-drop fell from the mother's eye. I was absorbed in sorrow. Heavens, thought I to myself, what a sad contrast to a few months ago, when you were the picture of youthful loveliness. Life's brightest scenes were in prospect for you, all was joy and hope, now, scarce eighteen, an outcast, a sacrifice, flying from infamy, dying under a fictitious name, in solitude, in secrecy; and that poor, hapless infant, with the stigma of its birth,

doomed never to feel a parent's caresses, a parent's care. I turned to a door leading into a second bed-room ; the door was opened, and through it I first perceived Lord Belton. He was sitting in an arm-chair. His legs straight and stretched on the ground, his hands clasped and between his knees. His body was bent forward, and his eyes were to the ground. He seemed in the deepest sorrow.

" We remained in this state for about five minutes, without a breath being heard. Emma gently opened her eyes. She first caught a sight of *me*. Her face was immediately suffused with crimson. I retired a few steps backwards as if by instinct ; she stretched her arm from the bed clothes, and gently took my hand.

" ' Sit down,' said she, ' Mr. Mandeville. I did not expect to see you here. I know you do not come out of curiosity nor to triumph over me. My kind and worthy friend, Mr. Upton, has brought you here, judging, I suppose, that I should be glad to see you. Ah, Mr. Mandeville,' said she, with a deep sigh, ' I know the grief which my folly has cost you as well as my dear parents, and my family. Had I been prudent and virtuous, I might now

have been dear to you; we might both have been happy.'

" I could not speak for grief. I pressed her hand to my lips, and kissed it repeatedly, fervently. She continued :

" 'My affectionate mother would console me, by arguing that it was the error of my innocence, of my youth and inexperience, of her own neglect of me, of Captain Montagu's accomplished powers. These arguments I know are meant well, they are meant to make my few remaining hours happy ; but I know they are fallacious. No man has powers to beguile, unless the object beguiled is criminal and faulty in disposition. The promise of marriage for such a purpose, has been given under every form, and with every possible pledge, and never yet was it kept; this is a well known truth: she therefore who relies on such a promise, has only her own folly to blame for her ruin. As far as I have injured society, and afflicted my parents and friends (looking at myself and Mr. Upton), I trust my death will expatiate; as far as I have offended my God, I have implored forgiveness. I go before my Judge.'

" 'A just and righteous Judge,' said I.

" 'Sir John, the mere officer, whether military or naval, is a contemptible character, but it has been always my effort to super-add to the character of a soldier the higher qualifications of a scholar and a gentleman.'

" 'Upon my word, Captain Mandeville, I was not aware of my good fortune in possessing an officer of so superior a description ; a soldier, a scholar, and a gentleman.'

" 'Sir John, your irony is any thing but a source of mortification to me.'

" 'Sir, I will cut this insubordination short, by telling you that no officer in my ship shall see any abuses in the government, nor will I put up with any argument from any of my officers. What, Sir, do you laugh at me ; I would have you, Captain Mandeville, be circumspect in your conduct. No man on earth shall beard me, with impunity, in my own cabin. Sir, you may think yourself fortunate that I allow you to resume your place at the mess-table, with your brother officers.'

" 'That is any thing but a fortunate privilege to me ; if a viper, a foul and insidious serpent, like Mr. Muckworth Praed be one of the board.'

" 'And what objection can you have to a gentleman whom I honour with my confidence?'

" 'I have had no personal difference, myself, with Mr. Praed; I saw through him from the first, and have therefore avoided him. But I hold it a moral duty that every man of honour should testify his abhorrence of such a wretch. I should consider myself soiled, degraded as a gentleman, by associating with Mr. Praed. And I shall certainly propose to the gentlemen of the ward-room to banish him from their society.'

" 'At your peril, Sir, vociferated the Commodore, stamping his foot on the deck. At your peril, Sir, propose the degradation of a gentleman, whose only fault has been an anxiety for my honour.'

" 'Sir John, his fault, in my eyes, is, intruding himself, under the mask of friendship, upon the convivial hours of his hosts, and noting their conversation, for the purpose of effecting the ruin of perhaps the greater part of us. Mr. Praed would hardly wish to enter the mess, if he sees, which he must see, that he is generally despised.'

" 'Captain Mandeville, I order you, as you value your commission, to drop this subject, and to return to your duty.'

" 'At least, Sir John Fadladeen, I may have a negative in the case, as well as all the gentlemen of honour who would feel themselves degraded by Mr. Praed's company. I suppose I may retire from the mess, and live in my cabin, under the degrading circumstances of such a man as Mr. Praed's appearing at the table.'

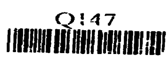
" Here the Commodore's rage became ungovernable. He exclaimed, 'what, Sir, do you intend to raise a cabal against me in my own ship. No, Sir, you shall have no such option. You *shall* go to your cabin. Yes, Sir, consider yourself from this moment a prisoner, a close prisoner; confine yourself to your cabin, Sir. And, Mr. Money, you will see a sentry kept at the door of Captain Mandeville's cabin. And you, Lieutenant Bedford, confine *yourself* a prisoner.'

" Thus our conference ended, and I was marched a close prisoner to my cabin, where I sat for a long time reflecting upon the contemptible character to whom, from motives of interest, the Government had intrusted so

important a command. From laughing at the ridiculous nature of the scene that had occurred, I revolved in my mind the at once tyrannical and abject dispositions superinduced upon our nature by the discipline of a camp or fleet, and I reflected with regret that the progress of civilization and political improvement must be always retarded where any large portion of the community are devoted to the profession of arms. Happy is our country, that her chief dependence must ever be on her navy, a species of force which abstracts comparatively but few of her citizens from the great body of the community, in which they at once enjoy and learn to protect their rights and privileges."

END OF VOL. I.

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